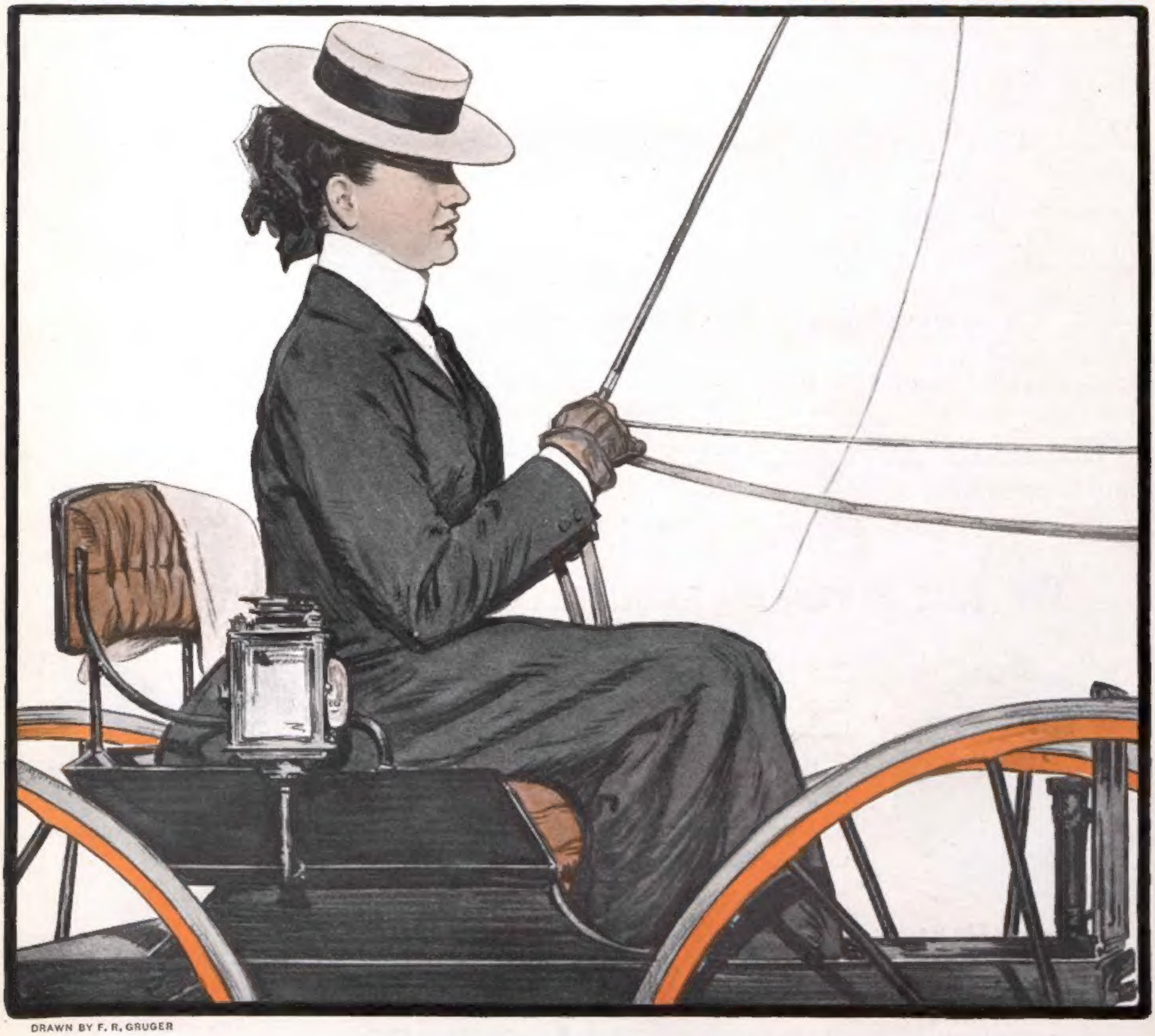
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.ᵒ D.ⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 21, 1908 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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The Modern Trend in Wear for Men

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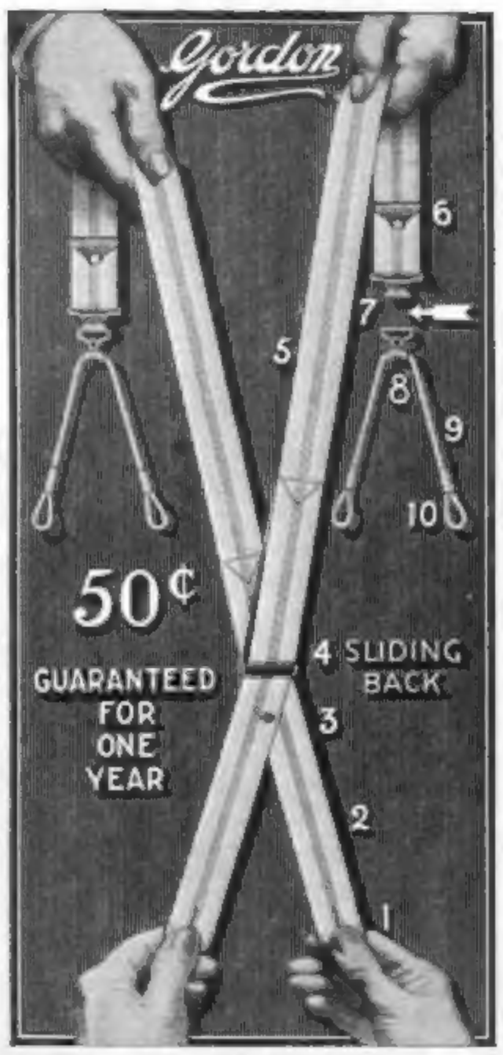

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"Holeproof" Sox fit your feet because they are knitted by a special process which shapes them to the natural lines of your feet.

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$2 a Box of 6 Pairs

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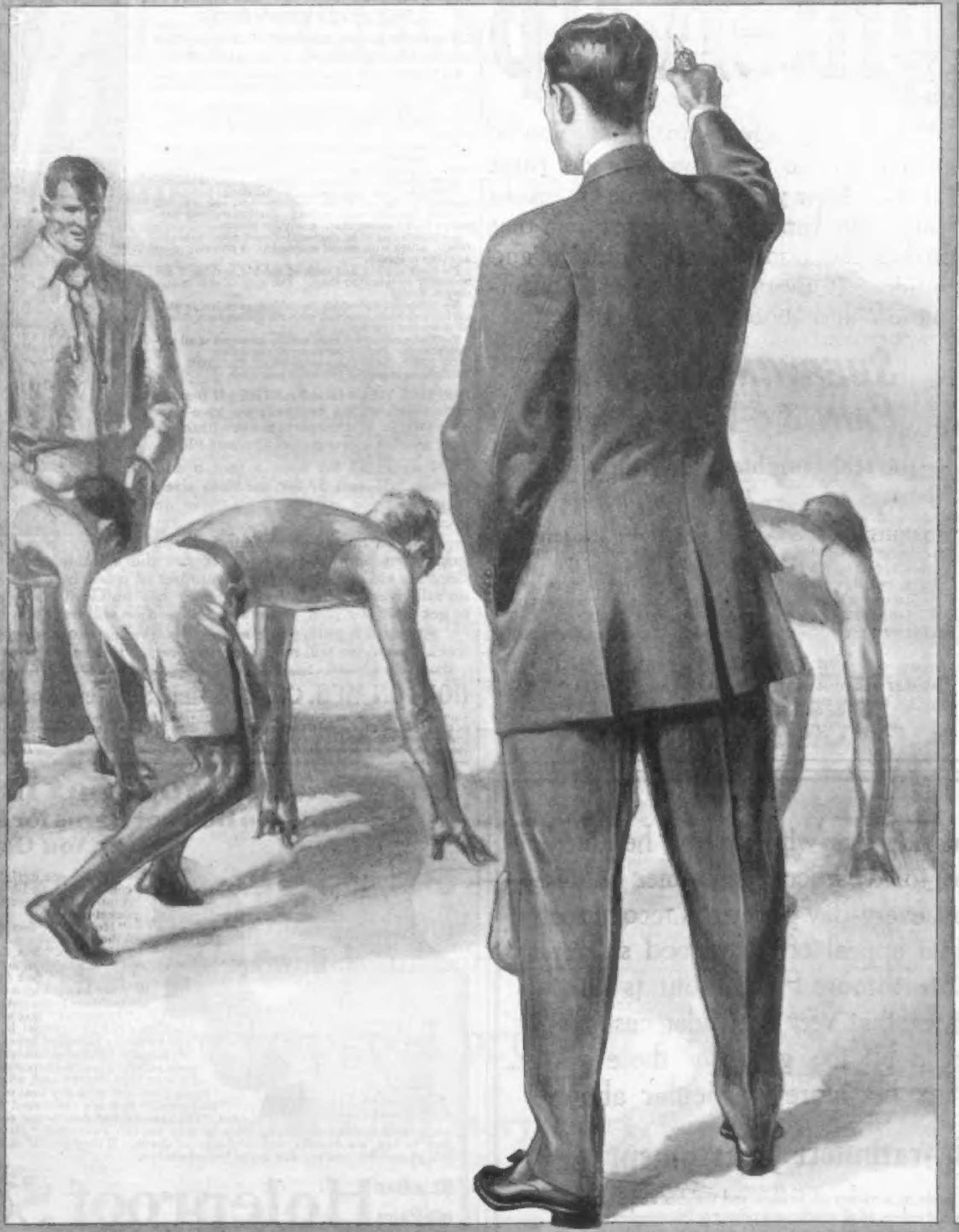

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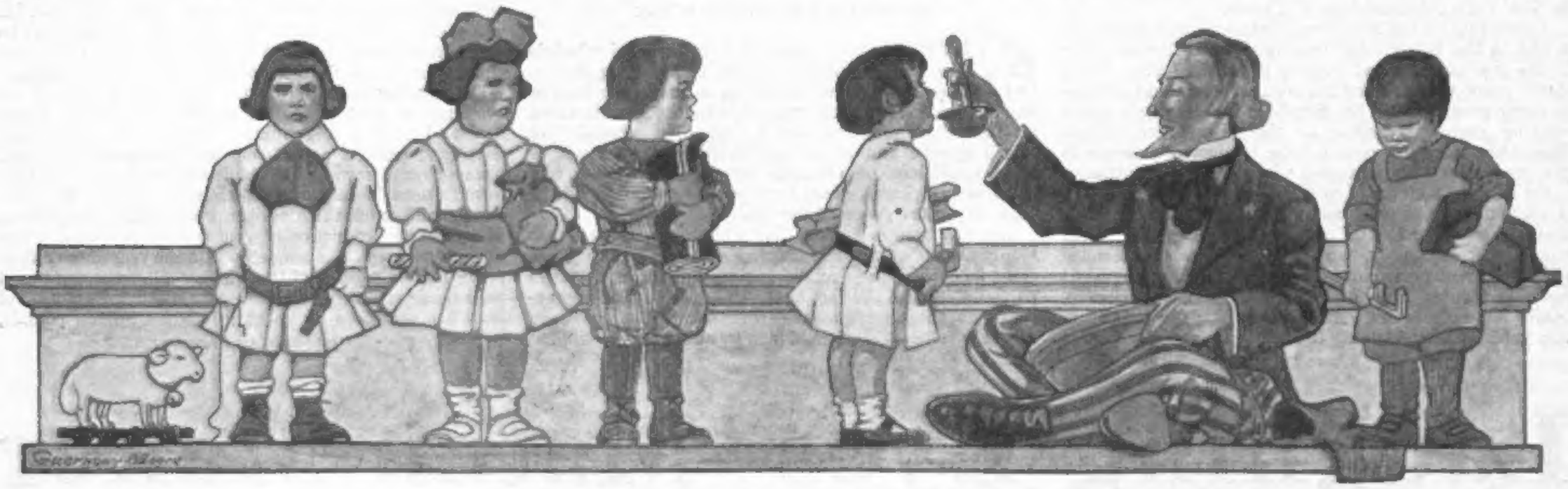
THE UNDISCUSSED ISSUE



By WILL PAYNE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

"HOW protection can be the subject of discussion and debate in this country at this time," wrote Thomas B. Reed in 1902, "passes all understanding."

As a matter of fact, for many years it never has been the subject of debate. Under the McKinley bill of 1890 the average *ad valorem* rate of duty on dutiable imports rose to 50 per cent. That seemed strong nourishment for infant industries which were already tolerably robust. So, in 1892, the tariff being the issue, Mr. Cleveland was elected President. Under his administration, in August, 1894, the Wilson tariff bill was passed. But the panic of 1893, beginning in the spring of that year, had intervened. On April 22 the Treasury's gold reserve fell below the traditional safety line of one hundred millions, and within a fortnight the stock market was experiencing convulsions. In May and June bank runs were a discouragingly common phenomenon in the West. By fall four hundred banks had failed.

The resulting industrial demoralization made a deep impression upon the public mind. So of late years if anybody has proposed to discuss the tariff the protectionist reply has been: "But see what happened in 1893. Do you want another panic?"

At the time—as the Wilson bill did not come into being until more than a year later—chief blame for the crisis was attributed to a widespread doubt as to whether the United States would be able to maintain gold payments. Under the act of 1878 the Treasury bought 291 million ounces of silver and coined 378 million dollars, the market price of the metal having declined pretty steadily since the act was passed. In 1890 the Republicans had a nominal majority of eight in the upper house; but this included Senators from the silver States. Colorado and Nevada, for example, were not much interested in high tariff, having no infant industries to be nourished thereby, but were much interested in silver. When the McKinley tariff bill reached the Senate, therefore, that body deferred consideration of it and took up the silver question. It had to give the silver Senators what they wanted in order to get their votes for 50 per cent. duties. The result was the so-called Sherman act, increasing the Treasury's purchases of silver to four and one-half million ounces a month, to be paid for in Treasury notes redeemable in coin. Under this act 150 millions of such notes were issued and a corresponding amount of depreciating silver taken into the Treasury. From 1890 to 1893 the market price of silver fell from $1.05 to 78 cents an ounce. The commercial ratio of silver to gold was then 26 to 1; the coinage ratio 16 to 1.

The Unexplained Relations of Duties and Panics

THE notes of the United States were payable in "coin." People naturally preferred that the coin should be gold rather than silver, and scrambled to get the more valuable metal. They refused as far as possible to pay gold into the Treasury, and endeavored as far as possible to get gold out. In 1890 about 95 per cent. of the Government's revenue receipts at New York were gold. By the spring of 1893 only 5 per cent. were in gold. Foreign creditors and security holders were especially disturbed by the possibility of receiving a dollar worth only sixty cents. In 1891, '92 and '93 exports of gold amounted to 240 million dollars.

This doubt of the ability of the Treasury to maintain gold payments was supposed to be the proximate cause of the panic. When President Cleveland called Congress to meet in special session in August, 1893, for the particular purpose of repealing the silver purchase act of 1890—a Republican measure passed to get the silver Senators' vote for the tariff bill—the financial world applauded the step.

A year later the Wilson tariff bill was passed. This bill, as Mr. Cleveland himself heatedly pointed out, was really a victory for protection. In the year following its passage the average rate of duty on dutiable imports was 42 per cent., or only 8 per cent. below the top notch of the McKinley bill. Next year, the average rate of duty on dutiable imports was 40 per cent., and the rate on all imports, free and dutiable combined, was—to be exact—20.67 per cent., against 23.49 per cent. under the McKinley bill.

So, by Mr. Reed's theory, to reduce duties from 49.58 to 39.95 per cent., or from 23.49 to 20.67—accordingly as you figure the duty on dutiable imports alone or on free and dutiable combined—makes all the difference between a state of prosperity and one of stagnation. There was a panic in 1873 and the cause of it was afterward discovered in the tariff bill of 1872 (Republican), which reduced duties less than 6 per cent. and left only 38 per cent. protection.

Duties and panics may be mysteriously related. I would not say they are not, because there are many inscrutable things in Nature. Indeed, the other day I read an English free-trade article, and within an hour and a half the Knickerbocker Trust Company suspended payment. I only say that no finite reason can account for the relationship. There was quite a panic in October, 1907. If the protectionists are right it must have been due to the agitation in Massachusetts for tariff revision. That agitation is peculiarly atrocious, because it is inspired by manufacturers themselves. The chosen people of Gog are actually throwing bricks at him.

The Sad Case of the Sugar Trust

MASSACHUSETTS leads the United States in production of manufactured goods per capita. An ancient pleasantry was that Massachusetts makes shoes and boots, while Kentucky makes boose and shoots. There is a protective duty of 25 per cent. on boots; but there is another of 20 per cent. on sole leather and 15 per cent. on hides—the raw materials. There is a Leather Trust which is an adjunct of the Beef Trust, and somebody complains that the hide duty puts one dollar into the United States Treasury and four into the fat coffers of the Beef Trust.

Massachusetts manufacturers have a machine with which one man sews 250 pairs of shoes in a day; another which enables a single operative, at one stage, to handle 300 pairs daily against five pairs by hand. Some of the manufacturers have concluded, therefore, that with free hides they would take their chances against the pauper labor of Europe. They might then get a chance at the export trade which they are now completely shut out of. Of all manufactures of leather we export fifty thousand dollars' worth a year; of leather itself and all its manufactures about a hundred thousand dollars' worth, while of leather and its manufactures we import from fifteen to twenty million dollars' worth a year, all paying duty. Last year our imports of hides (dutiable) rose to 135 million pounds. The domestic producer of leather, having erected the tariff fence, cannot meet the demand.

The shoe manufacturer, paying 15 per cent. duty on hides and 20 per cent. on sole leather, has an additional protection for his finished product of only 5 or 10 per cent. There are other instances in which the tariff, by a very singular coincidence, gives the real protection to that section of the industry which is represented by a good, healthy trust, and leaves the untrustified producer more or less to shift for himself.

An honorable exception must be made of the Sugar Trust. Although that concern's machinations have given a distinct flavor, not exactly saccharine, to all recent tariff history, it does not begin to get the protection to which it is justly entitled. Mr. Havemeyer himself said so. Before the Industrial Commission he declared:

> The mother of all trusts is the customs tariff bill. The existing bill and preceding ones have been the occasion of the formation of all the large trusts, with few exceptions, inasmuch as they provide for inordinate protection to all the industries of the country, sugar alone excepted. There is probably not an industry that requires protection of more than 10 per cent. *ad valorem*. It is the Government, through its tariff laws, which plunders the people, and the trusts are merely the machinery for doing it.

And if the chief of the Sugar Trust was not competent to speak on that point, who is? The sugar schedule is a complicated affair. Taking raw sugar, under No. 16 and of

96 degrees, as the standard, and allowing 108.1 pounds of raw to 100 pounds of refined, the duty on the raw is $1.82, on the refined $1.95, which gives the refiner—the trust—only 13 cents protection. Mr. Havemeyer said it should be at least 25 cents. Doubtless he knew.

The Southern States produced last year 600 million pounds of sugar. We imported (dutiable) four billion pounds, the average duty being 1¼ cents a pound. Including free imports from Porto Rico and Hawaii, we consume 5¾ billion pounds. Applying the average rate of duty paid on the raw (1¼ cents), we may say roughly that, in order to give the Southern planters a benefit of ten million dollars, the people of the United States paid 76 million dollars more for their raw sugar than they needed to—while the refiner got his inadequate protection in addition. The cost of refining is about half a cent a pound. The Department of Commerce gives the average cost of raw in foreign countries last year as 2.15 cents, and of refined in New York (wholesale) as 4.52 cents.

Production on the Southern plantations was greater by a fifth in the Wilson-bill-"free-trade" year 1894-95 than in the year of grace and Dingley protection 1906. For a dozen years, in fact, there has been no permanent increase in sugar production in the Southern States, yearly yields varying simply according to the season's conditions. Meanwhile there has been a large permanent increase in the production of unprotected wheat, corn and cotton.

On all manufactures of cotton there is, of course, a high duty, and we have practically dropped out of the world's trade in cotton goods. Producing three-quarters of the world's cotton supply, and with our great mechanical efficiency, we exported in the cotton year ending August 31 last 326 million yards of cotton cloth. Great Britain, taking most of her raw material from us, exported 6¼ billion yards, or about twenty to our one, besides 255 million pounds of yarn. Our exports of cotton goods were as large five years ago. There is great palaver about the open door in China, and what our Navy will do to anybody who tries to close it. Last year we exported to that empire less than six million dollars of cotton manufactures.

Not long ago a Southern jobber wrote the Dry Goods Economist, complaining that "extortionate" prices for cotton goods, not justified by the price of the raw material, were crippling his trade. These prices in the year just closed have practically shut us out of the export trade and attracted considerable imports. In fact, our imports of cotton manufactures were 74 million dollars and our exports only 32 millions. The manufacturers, of course, benefit for the time being by having an artificially high market to sell in. But at this writing the mills are carrying large stocks and prices are weakening. Some of the disadvantages of an artificial price seem to be in store.

Covering Up the Heaviest Tax

AN INTERESTING scrimmage over the wool schedule has been an inevitable feature of tariff legislation. In the Wilson bill the manufacturers secured their ideal of free raw material and stiff protection for the manufactured article. They prepared also a "scientific schedule" of mixed specific and *ad valorem* duties, the net result of which would have been that the cheaper woolen goods, sold at 25 cents a pound, would have paid 56 per cent. and the more expensive goods 36 per cent.

We may note in passing that while protectionists talk loudly about "taxing the luxuries of the rich," they are great fellows for these mixed duties—because such duties partially conceal the fact that the heaviest tax is sometimes on the cheapest grade of the article. As there are only a handful of millionaires, and some 84 million people who will buy a cheap article if they can find one, this tendency on the manufacturer's part is very natural. Putting the duty merely on the luxuries of the rich would, indeed, be a very poor game. Also, the scientific schedule proposed 30 per cent. on "tops"—which are not far from the raw material—35 per cent. on yarns and 40 per cent. on dress goods. The small yarn-maker who buys "tops" and the small manufacturer who buys yarn would obviously have been at a disadvantage as compared with the big manufacturer who began with the raw material and ended with the finished product. The Woolen Trust, indeed, covers all processes in the industry, like the Steel Trust.

But that celebrated figure, so eminent in tariff controversy, the Ohio wool grower, was left out in the cold, clamoring. When the Dingley bill came along he was taken back and given the same protection as under the McKinley bill. Like some other celebrated figures, the Ohio wool grower is largely a myth. When you take his actual dimensions and consider the noise he has made he seems more wonderful than the katydid. The Ohio wool clip amounts, in fact, to three and a half million dollars.

On clothing wool the duty is 11 cents a pound; on combing, 12 cents; and on carpet wool, which is not produced at all in this country, 4 cents. On shoddy the duty is 25 cents a pound, and on manufactures of wool from 40 cents upward—in about the sense in which that term is used in hotel advertisements. Under this judicious arrangement the American wool industry languishes. The domestic production of wool is no greater than it was twenty years ago. As compared with the year immediately preceding the passage of the Dingley bill, imports of wool have declined nearly one-half. Our total consumption of wool has decreased by about a hundred million pounds,

(Continued on Page 22)

Laughing Eyes—Match-Maker

"Of Course, the Professor Slipped Up Behind Her, and Got a Look to See What Made Her Act that Way"

Rosalie Le Grange Reads a Heart

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

I'M FOR honest mediumship," said Rosalie Le Grange, trance, test, business, clairvoyant and inspirational medium. "Money you get over and above legitimate fees ain't right or proper, and it's always bitter money before you're through with it. Lie? Of course. The business is pretty near all lie, if you want to be particular about it. But where's the harm? I always do 'em good and send 'em away happy. Everybody practices deception in this world of sin, but everybody has to draw the line somewhere. I draw it on grafting. Ever since I started telling fortunes by the cards, up on Cottage Grove Avenue, in Chicago, that's been my rule. I reconciles families, I reunites fond hearts; and, more'n all that, I heartens 'em up. Suppose I could tell 'em what was coming to 'em in the future, and did—how would they feel about it? Would most of 'em want to go on living? Course not. But I tell 'em everything's coming out all right in the end, and they go away cheerful and chirked up to stand their troubles. I declare, this business may be a fake, which you and me knows it is nine times out of ten, but, if we stick to honest fees for honest readings, we do more good than all the priests and rabbis and preachers! It's only when mediums get grafting that they ought to be exposed.

"Why, there was a time—have another cup. One lump? I feel jest like telling you about it. Make yourself comfortable, dear. Seems when I get started I just *have* to talk or I'll bust. And they's few you can talk straight to about this business. Not even professionals, with the sight of exposing that's going on.

"I must say that times was never so good for me as that winter before I was exposed in Brookline. I'd rented Mrs. Hartman's house at Brookline for the winter—she'd got a hall in Philadelphia. You know the town. Rich as all get-out, and a right nice, quiet place to live in. Mrs. Hartman was fixed fine. She had one of them old-time houses, with plain, red, spindly, shiny furniture she'd picked up all over, and some old portraits that passed for her ancestors. It wasn't exactly comfortable—for my part, I like things fancier and fluffier. A few tidies make a place look so much more homelike! But Boston people admire that kind of fixings, and think they're swell. Mrs. Hartman had worked that all out. She advised me not to change it, and, though I could 'a' *yelled* sometimes, it was that bare, I took her advice. I seen in time she was right.

"Her graft was fine, too. This was the way we worked it:

"Professor Beach was running The Standard Bearer in those days, and he had his office in Brookline. Kept a library of psychic and uplifting literature, too; kind of second-hand bookstore. All of us advertised in The Standard Bearer—Mrs. Mary Belle Martin, in Cambridge, and Matie Molineaux, on Columbus Avenue, and Sears, the Slate-Writer—the whole lot in our brotherhood—but we didn't publish no places of business. The advertisements said: 'For address and appointments for sittings apply at this office.' So when the sitter bit and came, Professor Beach—he was traveling as John P. Quinn then—would be pottering around the old second-hand bookstore. One way or another, he'd get 'em looking through the books and dropping facts. Sometimes he could get letters and things out of their pockets, but he hardly ever *had* to do that. He's the most entertaining talker in the business, he is. Only safe way to beat Professor Beach's game when he's fishing is to wear a ball and chain on your face. By the time they'd gassed a quarter of an hour he'd have the whole story. Then he'd recommend me, or Sears, or Matie Molineaux, and make an appointment for a sitting. Of course, soon as the sitter's back was turned he'd telephone out full personal descriptions and names and spirits wanted and anything else he'd picked up. With *that* on new sitters and the Blue Book on old ones, any *fool* could be a medium. Why, I had hard work keeping the Society for the Investigation of Spirit Phenomena from investigating me, I got that famous!

"I was playing the refined lady, which is the way I like to practice when I can. Emmie Rose was my student in those days—I made her a good clairvoyant in one year—and then she went out and done me dirt—but that come in later. She'd meet 'em at the door, dressed like a maid, and collect their two dollars and ask 'em to wait five minutes. Then she'd pull down the shades in my front

parlor, and I'd set at the table and throw a shawl over my shoulders and put my hands over my eyes—and when they come in they'd find me under control and talking in my Laughing-Eyes voice. When the hour was up Emmie Rose would come and take them away, and I'd still be sitting with my hands on my eyes, like I was under control. For the line of customers I had in them days, that is a splendid scheme. It's mysterious-like, and appeals to tony people. Besides, they have to just get up and go when the hour's up—can't bother you stopping to ask questions about how it feels to be under control. Now, washerwomen and butchers and such would rather see you throw fits going into control and have conniptions coming out. It makes 'em think they get more for their money.

"Well, along during a cold spell in February, Professor Beach called me up. 'Appointment for ten o'clock to-morrow,' says he, 'and it looks good, but a lot of it is blind. Young couple. Ain't engaged yet—least, she wears no ring—but you can see they're dead gone on each other,' says he. 'She's a plump brunette, about five-three, and I'd like to give her a sitting myself, for she's fine,' says he. Professor Beach was always joking.

"She'd Meet 'Em at the Door, Dressed Like a Maid"

He reeled off the full personal description of 'em both. 'His name's James P. Winton,' says he. 'Got it out of his card-case. He's an electrical engineer. Only one line on her, and that's a queer one.' Then Professor Beach told how them two young people had been going over the old books, whispering in corners the way lovers do, and the girl had turned a page careless-like, and jumped all of a sudden, and said:

"'Well, that's a sign!'

"Of course, the professor slipped up behind her, and got a look to see what made her act that way. Their eyes were glued on a picture in a book called Prominent Leaders of the Woman Movement. He said they studied it a long time, and she said:

"'I've got to, dear!'

"And he said:

"'Hang the New England conscience!'

"Professor Beach said he couldn't catch the next, but it sounded like a quarrel, and when they walked out she had her face turned away from him, and he was holding out his hands like he was begging her to do something.

"Of course, Professor Beach took note of that picture, and he hunted it up the first thing. It was Miss Caroline Seaman Bruce. You remember—leader in the woman suffrage cause. She'd passed out five years or so before. The professor remembered it because he was doing materializing in Boston while the newspapers were full of her death, and he used to have her spook give lectures to women from inside the cabinet. He read through the piece about Caroline Seaman Bruce in that book, and he found only one thing which sounded like good dope to him. It said that her niece, little Miss Lavinia Bruce, whose recitations had charmed so many woman suffrage meetings, was expected to carry on the work after Caroline was gone. Said she was a consecrated child, like some old heathen or other consecrated his son to fight the Romans.

"'May be a lead there,' said Professor Beach; 'but, if I was you, I'd go slow and cautious with it. 'Tain't no dead sure thing that this girl is Miss Lavinia Bruce, but you're safe in getting a Lavinia in her aura some place.'

"'Consecrated to the cause,' says I. And I got a notion into my head that just seemed to fill it.

"It's funny how you get interested in some sitters. Now, love and affection always was my specialty. When they come about mines and lost wills, sometimes they make me so tired I can hardly keep my Laughing-Eyes voice going for an hour; and a man with business troubles is generally fierce. But I'll go out of my way any time to mix into a love trouble, even when I ain't got no business with it. I'm never as happy as when I'm smoothing the way for two loving young hearts. And this thing got me real curious, especially when the professor told me what a pretty little thing she was. I just galloped downstairs to tell Emmie Rose; and, while we was talking it over, as excited as two fool women can get—and you know how excited that is—Professor Beach rung up on the telephone again. Says the professor:

"'Found another lead! He left a copy of the Boston Globe on the counter, and there's a clipping cut out of it. I just compared it with a whole copy, and found the piece that was cut out, and it certainly does look like this was Lavinia Bruce.' And he told me where the piece was to be found. I rushed down to get my papers—I'd been cutting out obituary notices from 'em that very blessed morning. Emmie Rose and me—we jumped for that piece. It was a notice of a rally of the Woman Suffrage League, coming off the very next Friday, and it said that Miss Lavinia Bruce, who'd done such good work for the cause in college, was going to give the main talk.

"I flew to the 'phone and called up the secretary of the Woman Suffrage League. I put on my lady voice.

"'Hello,' says I. 'This is Mrs. Umpump, of Brookline. If it's not impertinent,' says I, taking good care of my grammar, 'can you tell me about Miss Bruce, who's going to speak next Friday? That can't be the little niece of Caroline Seaman Bruce?—you'll pardon my asking; I've been abroad so much I am out of touch with such matters,' says I; 'but little Lavinia was like a daughter to me.'

"'Oh, yes, indeed,' says the secretary over the telephone.

"'Why, the dear child! I thought she would be married by this time,' says I.

"'No danger of that, I think,' says she, kind of icy.

"Then I made a break.

"'Why?' says I, right out just like that. It slipped out, I was that excited and curious. And, just as it always goes, 'twasn't so much what I said as the way I said it.

"'Pardon me, but are you telephoning from a newspaper?' says the secretary.

"'Madame! The idea!' says I, just the way any lady would, and hung up the telephone. When they think you're from the papers there's no use going any further with 'em. But I'd got about what I wanted, anyhow. Enough to go ahead, if I used my brains and a little fishing.

"Next morning at breakfast Emmie Rose said to me:

"'You're all chirked up and fixed up like you was waiting for a beau. Your eyes are bright and you've put on your best lace waist.' And I said:

"'I wouldn't talk if I was you, Emmie Rose. You've got on a fresh apron, though it's Thursday, and you generally never change until Friday.' It was true about both of us.

"I was waiting in the front parlor a quarter of an hour before the appointment. If they hadn't come I'd have been real put out. But the bell rang just at ten, and Emmie Rose came in, all excited.

"'She's as pretty as a new penny,' says Emmie, 'and he's blond and tall and he's got real nice eyes. I peeked back through the curtains after they set down. He was holding her hand and just eating her up with his eyes, and she was looking straight ahead, like she was really seeing spirits. I bet she believes, but I can see he's skeptical.'

"'Well, you send 'em in quick!' says I.

"Of course, I was in trance when they come in, using Laughing Eyes for control. I've got long eyelashes, though I *do* say it, and they're one of the best points about my mediumship. For, when I open my eyes—this way—just far enough to see shadows of people like them pictures of people cut out of black paper, you can scarcely tell it. As they come in, I chanced one peek. I couldn't make her out plain, but I took to her. And when Laughing Eyes says, 'Good-morning!' and she answered, it was the nicest, softest little voice, with a kind of a cry in it. Her doing platform speaking on woman suffrage! That voice hadn't no business talking any but gossip and baby talk!

"Well, they set. And I started in on him. Of course, I was pretty sure of his name and business, and I let that out gradual the first thing. I could tell by the rustle of her skirt—always notice when they change position or when they set awful still; it means something—that Professor Beach got it correct out of the card-case. Then I fished with a Frank, and found he had an Uncle Frank. That seemed to convince him, because I heard him catch his breath. Then I got her bare left hand—nearest the heart—to gather her magnetism, and felt particular the ring finger. The professor was right again. There was nothing on it. And I worked right up toward the point. 'There's something funny between you two young people,' I says. 'There's a bond like iron and yet there's a wall. I seem to see you drawed together, and just when you come very close it's as if somebody held a veil between you so you couldn't touch each other. And—it ain't a spirit draws that veil?' says I—Laughing Eyes, you understand.

"And they both stopped moving, and it was so still you could 'a' cut it with a knife. I was *dying* to look through my eyelashes. And then, says Laughing Eyes:

"'Ain't there a spirit of an old lady with gray hair and a full figure, a spirit that had something to do with a lot of talking from the platform? It seems to me she belongs to you, lady. And when she comes I get a peculiar influence, like there was crowds of people before her, and all women. Seems like there's women everywhere in her aura. I sense a kind, stern nature, that would do for people and never caress 'em,' and then I stopped.

"And you could hear her silk skirts go when she leaned forward and said:

"'Yes—yes!'

"He wasn't moving an inch. I might 'a' been in the room alone with her. And I said, knowing I had it going:

"'That spirit is just struggling with me to get control of my medie ——' and here I made Laughing Eyes chatter Indian, like I always do when I want her to seem mixed up. But Laughing Eyes held the fort.

"'I get a "C,"' says Laughing Eyes, 'and then an "A," and then—ain't the name Caroline?' 'It is,' says the girl in a whisper. 'And it seems like the last name was the same as yours,' says I—Laughing Eyes. 'There's an influence from your father's side ——' and right there I had to stop and plan for a second. Was her father in the spirit? I done some quick thinking, and I seen he must be. For, if Caroline Seaman Bruce brought her up, her folks must 'a' been passed out, and the family name being the same, Lavinia's father must have been brother to Caroline. No matter how carefully you plant a case, sometimes you never think of the best things until the sitter is right in front of you. So Laughing Eyes said:

"'She's happy in spirit with a middle-aged man, not very tall, who says that he brings a parent's influence to you and a brother's to her.' Of course, he wouldn't likely have been a very old man when he died, and his daughter being short, it wasn't likely he was tall.

"Well, they set so still that I *had* to peek through my eyelashes. She was leaning forward, with her hands clasped, looking at me, and Mr.

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"'There's Something Funny Between You Two Young People'"

LIFE IN SPIGOTTY LAND

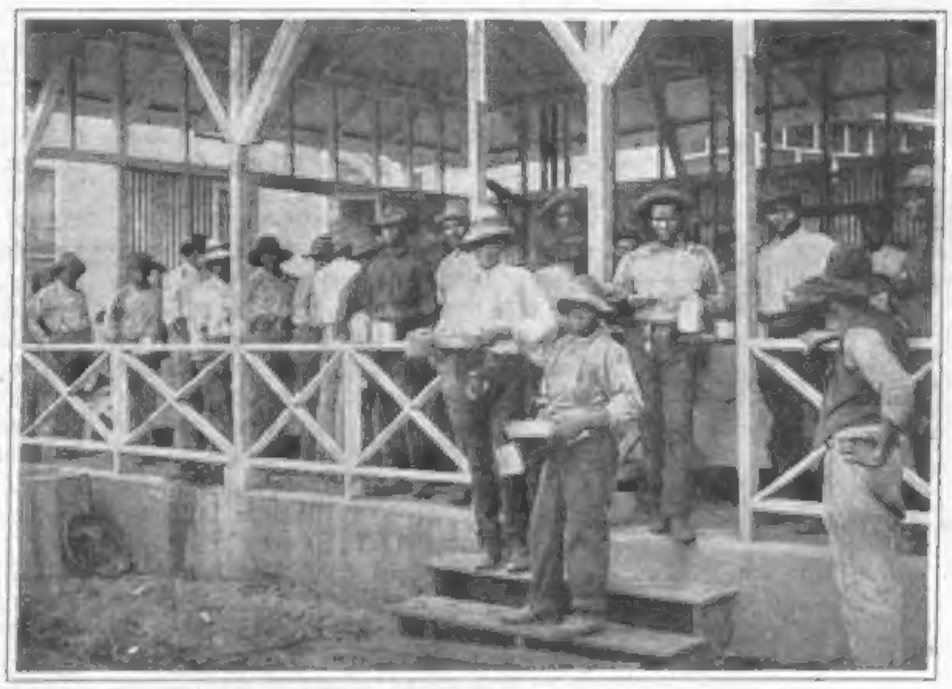
The Cohorts of King Yardage

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

OF COURSE, Colonel Goethals is the Big Boss of the Canal, Secretary Taft is the Bigger Boss and President Roosevelt the Biggest Boss; but the Bossissimus is King Yardage, old Mr. Cubic Excavation Yardage, to give him his full name—a toiling, moiling, delving potentate to whom all make obeisance, and who imperiously demands results every minute of the day.

The dam men and the lock men may have their own ideas about making him abdicate, but they are in their preliminaries as yet. It is King Yardage who is doing business just now, with his sixty-nine steam shovels and his thousands of men ripping a hole across the Isthmus of Panama, where, in a few years, there will be a waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific wide enough and deep enough for any ship that wants to use it. "Make dirt fly," said the American people. "Correct," replied the King. "I'll put wings on every spadeful of it," and after you watch his operations for a time you discover he is making good.

A cubic yard and a half of dirt or stone is a two-horse wagon-load. The total excavation for the month of December, 1907, was 2,200,539 cubic yards, and for January, 1908, 2,712,568 cubic yards. The February excavation will probably equal that of January, although there are fewer working-days in February, and it is expected, with any kind of luck, that the March record will be three million cubic yards. To show the exact extent of the work a few more figures are necessary. Basing calculations on the December output, a carload—not a wagon-load, but a carload—of dirt or rock was removed every five seconds in each working-day. That means that in December material enough was removed each working-day to fill a train of flat cars, of an average length of thirty feet each, thirty-three and one-third miles long, or 5868 cars.



Meal-Time at an I. C. C. Kitchen—Upper Rio Grande

Seven More Years of Digging

APPROXIMATELY, five hundred trainloads of material are taken to the dumps every working-day. Three hundred and thirty trainloads are removed each day from the Culebra cut alone. The size of the job the United States took over can be found by comparing these figures: Up to February 1, last, the Americans have excavated, all told, 25,469,054 cubic yards. The total excavation by the French, at all points, was 81,548,000 cubic yards. The total excavation required to make the canal a reality was estimated on April 1, 1907, to be 114,515,000 cubic yards, but in the past year the Americans have whittled a good many million cubic yards off that. This is exclusive of the construction work of the locks and dams, but includes the lock excavation. The locks and dams are engineering problems that present no unusual features. At the beginning of the year the United States had spent, exclusive of the fifty millions paid to the French company and to the Republic of Panama for the Canal Zone, $56,705,865.70. Congress will appropriate, at this session, about thirty million dollars more for the coming year. There is no adequate estimate of what the ultimate cost will be, but the engineers are now talking about $300,000,000, with mental reservations. It may cost more than that. The date now set for the completion of the canal is January 1, 1915, and it will probably be completed by that time.

It took four years of heart-breaking, nerve-racking work to get the machine in shape to accomplish these results. The old French canal was of little consequence, and the old French machinery was largely useless. The Americans had to begin at the bottom, practically, and plan it all over, utilizing what they could of the French work and the French material, but forced to rebuild, to sanitize, to make conditions endurable for Americans. That work is now practically accomplished. The machine is working with about as much equipment as it can use. The labor force is about what it will be during the rest of the work, except for such changes as may be made when the excavation comes toward completion and the lock work and dam work are in progress. Barring politics and accidents, it is likely the engineers in charge will remain on the job until the canal is open.

Old King Yardage's dominion extends from Cristobal to La Boca, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. His subjects numbered more than thirty thousand men when I was there early in February, men from all parts of the world, all of them put to it to get the most out of themselves by the remorseless demand for excavation. If any ambitious ethnologist should desire to hold a congress of races on his own hook he could get delegates on the Canal Zone from about all there are.

I watched a steam shovel working in the Culebra cut. It was one of the smaller ones and took up at a scoop two cubic yards and a half of dirt. Every eighteen seconds that big claw grabbed almost two two-horse wagon-loads of dirt and dropped it on a flat car. It worked with the precision of a clock: out against the bank, ripping up through it, swinging over the car, dumping its load and going back for another, once every eighteen seconds. The man who ran it wasn't exerting it, for, if he had been, he could have completed each excavation and dumped the dirt every sixteen seconds. However, he was making a hole that grew larger every minute.

Dinner-Time Inside I. C. C. Hotel

The man who ran the steam shovel, who had charge of the engine and manœuvred it, was an Irishman. The man on the crane, who attended to the dumping, was an American. The two stokers at the engine behind were Jamaica negroes, and the six members of the "move-up" crew, the men who leveled the ground where the shovel stood and placed the track so it could move forward and keep its nose to the bank, were Sikhs from the north of India, who wore white turbans on their heads and worked like automatons, men who observe all the requirements of their religion, who throw away their food and cook it over again if the shadow of a person not of their caste falls over it, and who seemed as much in the picture as the Gallegos and the Italians who were in gangs hard by.

Nobody has kept count of the different races represented on the Isthmus, but there are more than fifty. Americans predominate on the gold roll, and there are six thousand of them, or thereabouts. The largest numbers in the laboring classes are Jamaica negroes, Italians, Spaniards and Greeks. After these comes a long procession from all parts of the world: Antiguans, Argentines, Austrians, Barbadians, Bermudans, Guianans, Canadians, Chileans, Chinese (who are not employed, but have many stores in the Zone), Colombians and men from all the other Latin Republics, Cubans, Dominicans, Dutch West Indians, Egyptians, Englishmen, Finns, French, Germans, Grenadians, Guadaloupans, Haytians, Liberians, Martiniquans, men from Nassau, Norwegians, Peruvians, Porto Ricans, Portuguese, Russians, San Salvadorans, Scotchmen, men from St. Kitts, St. Martin's and St. Vincent, St. Lucians, Swedes, Trinidadians, Turks and Turk's Islanders.

A Claw that Clutches Two Wagon-Loads of Earth

YOU can hear all these languages or dialects in a ride or a walk along the canal line. You can see all these native customs. You can observe men from India, men from Argentine, men from British Columbia and men from Siberia hard at work—all paying tribute to King Yardage, and all pushed along by the insistent demand that every month's excavation shall be greater than that of the previous month. There are drill men, and powder men, and dumpers, and shovelers, and track men, and engineers, and train men, and men for every phase of the varied and tremendous activity, all on the jump, from the division superintendents to the water boys. Some of the races are more efficient than others. Some of them are not efficient at all, but inasmuch as there are two or three men for every job, there is not so much loafing as might be imagined, and the efficiency of the force has been increased more than half, which is another reason why the excavation work is progressing so rapidly.

Early in February, of the sixty-nine steam shovels at work some were taking up a cubic yard and a half at a scoop, some two and a half and some five. The steam shovel is the instrument that, just now, makes that date, January 1, 1915, seem reasonably certain. They are stretched all along the line of work, with more in the Culebra cut than elsewhere, and they are tearing great holes in the dirt and rock, loading cars so rapidly it is hard to keep count of them, and insatiably eating their way down to the lowest levels. The best steam-shovel men in the world are on the job, so Dolan, the head of the Steam Shovelers' Union says, and he should know.

The largest steam shovels weigh ninety-five tons. They scoop up five cubic yards at a time. When they are working well, and the steam-shovel man is feeling right, they can scoop up, load and get back once

every sixteen seconds. Indeed, steam-shovel men say they can be pushed faster than that, but once every sixteen seconds is good work. They look like gigantic elephants, nosing into the side of the hills and throwing back over their shoulders rock and dirt with an enormous trunk.

There is a tremendous rivalry among the steam-shovel men, artistically fostered by Secretary Joseph B. Bishop in the Canal Record, the weekly paper published on the Isthmus for the information of the employees and the outside world. Mr. Bishop brought out the first number of his paper last September. He began printing the excavation records and the records of the high steam shovels. When the man who had charge of shovel Number So-and-so saw that the man who had shovel Thus-and-so had done a particularly good week's work, he decided to get out after the record-breaker and show the other shovel men what a really expert man can do with one of the big machines. He went out, and if he had good luck and no breakages he set a new mark. All over the line the shovel men began to take notice. They groomed their machines and sent them at the dirt and rock with tremendous vigor. Meantime, the high men got their records printed every week or month, as the case was, and Old King Yardage began to come into his own.

The Mark Made by Big Bill McGovern

"IT WASN'T so hard," said a shovel man to me, "before they began printing that Canal Record. That put the steam-shovel business on the Isthmus into the record-breaking class. We were going along, doing what we thought was a fair day's work, until they began printing that some of the boys made good records. Every steam shoveler on the job thinks his machine is better than any other man's, and away we went, like a pack of idiots, trying to get records for ourselves. There never was such steam-shovel work in the world. The way they are ripping it out is a caution. I tell you, that Canal Record has done a heap toward getting these big results."

And they are at it now, while the dry season lasts, jamming those big buckets against the dirt and rock and loading cars so fast it seems almost instantaneous work. New records are established every week. Still, so the shovelers say, Big Bill McGovern set a mark one day a time ago that they will be shooting at for a long time. Big Bill had been hearing about the records of various shovels. One morning, when he was feeling fit, he passed the word that he was going out for a record himself. He had a good piece of work. The machine was working like a watch. So Big Bill cut loose. In four hours—this record is not official but comes from other shovelers—Big Bill loaded one hundred and ten cars, or excavated 2020 cubic yards. Then he shut down, had a celebration and quit his job. He had given steam-shovel men, wherever they may be, something to detain them for a period. Meantime, Old King Yardage is gaining in prestige every minute, and Secretary Bishop is proving one of his most loyal subjects by printing that shovel 222, in January, working in the Culebra cut, took out 45,788 cubic yards of rock, which puts every other Culebra man on edge to take out 46,000 yards and get into that list himself.

The Jamaica negroes are among the most interesting natural features of the canal. There are several thousand of them along the Zone, some of them working and some of them not. The Jamaica negro is not so good a laborer as the Gallego or the Greek or the Italian, but he supplies a lot of local color. He is always black, not chocolate or brown, but black—bright, shiny black. He speaks in a soft, melodious way with an English accent that would pass on the Strand as the real thing, and he has an enormous sense of his own responsibility. If a foreman is rude to him he draws himself up and says: "Remember, sir, I am a British subject!" He moves slowly and deliberately. It takes about six Jamaicans to carry a tie, for example, that two Italians or two Sikhs would pick up and move with ease.

He is the most literal person on earth. It is impossible for him to think and look at the same time. If you tell him a thing he does exactly that, no matter what the circumstances may be. A foreman sent a Jamaican back on the track one day to flag any approaching train in order that a bit of track shifting might be done. When the men were in the midst of their task a light engine came scorching along, and it was by the barest margin the foreman and his men got off the track in time to save their lives.

What the foreman said to the Jamaican who came in shortly afterward with his red flag was what a foreman might be expected to say in a similar contingency, and it wound up with the impassioned inquiry: "Why the hoop-to-doodle-doo didn't you flag that train, you three-cheers-and-a-tiger black idiot you?"

"Oh, sir," protested the Jamaican melodiously, "you sent me back to flag trains, not engines; and, besides, I am a British subject."

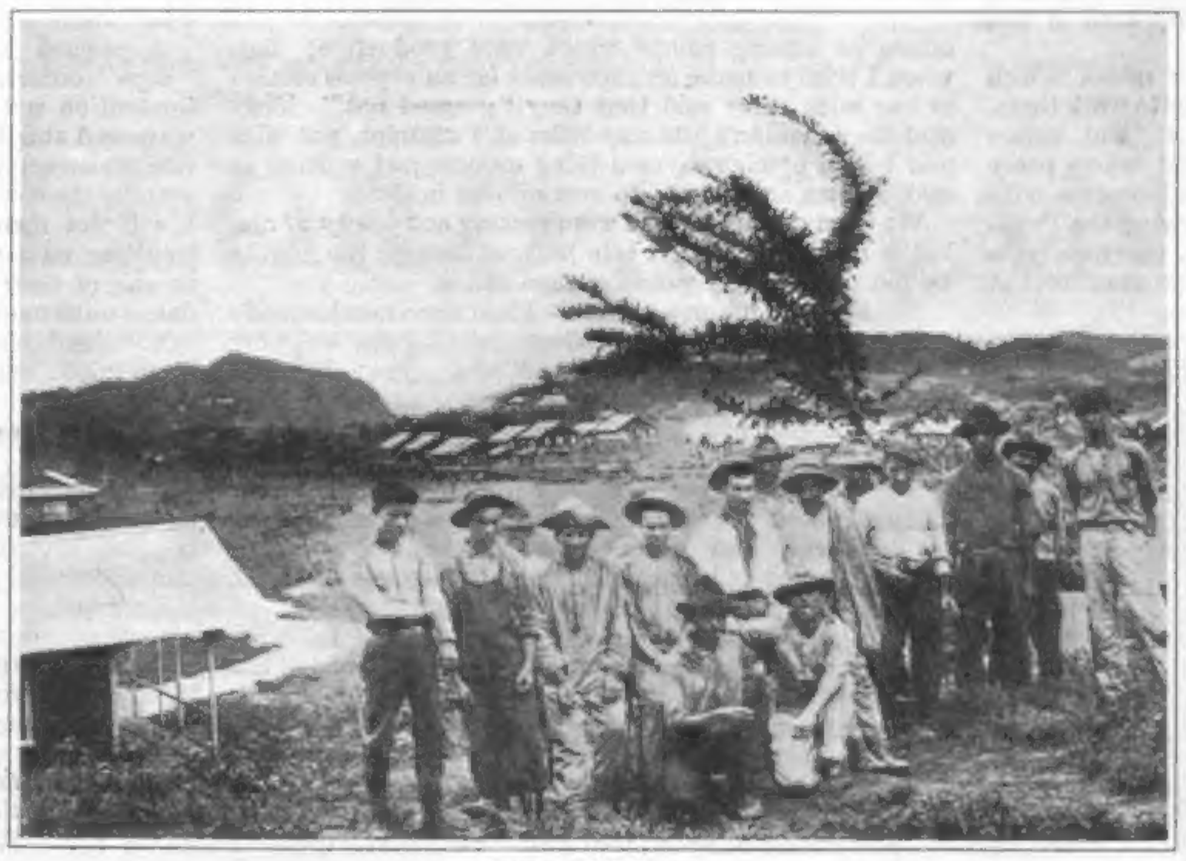
Some time ago there was much complaint because men and boys were jumping on and off freight trains along the line. A foreman at Culebra one day told off two Jamaicans and instructed them to watch the freight trains and prevent any person from jumping on. They were instructed to arrest any train jumper.

Half an hour later the two Jamaicans came in in triumph dragging a man between them who had evidently put up a good fight before he had capitulated. The man was bleeding and bruised. His clothes were torn, and he was generally disorganized.

"Oh, sir," said one of the Jamaicans, "we have this man who insisted in jumping on a freight train."

The foreman looked the man over. He was a freight brakeman and jumped on the trains because that was his business. It made no difference to the Jamaicans. They had been told to keep people from jumping on trains, and all people looked alike to them. It is a wonder they didn't bag the conductor, too.

The Jamaican women form the servant class, in great measure, for the American women who are struggling with the difficulties of housekeeping in the Zone. They have the same characteristics as their male relatives. If a Canal Zone hostess is giving a dinner, and her servant thinks it is time to serve the vegetables, she serves them, all in a bunch, with the soup or in any other place, so long as she gets them on the table. There are a large number of Martinique negro women there, copper-colored and good-looking. All of them are erect and graceful. They carry everything on their heads. I saw a woman walking across the railroad tracks at Matachin with a bottle of beer balanced on her head, and they tell a story of a woman who got a letter at the post-office, put it on her head and put a stone on the letter to hold it there, and walked off down the road. They were moving an employee's furniture at Gatun one afternoon. Several Jamaica boys helped. One of them took five heavy Mission chairs, put them on his head and sauntered off as jauntily as if he had nothing on his kinky hair but a straw hat.



Group of Gallegos

The Night-Long Din of Tom-Toms and Roosters

THE negroes keep together pretty well, setting great store on the protection of the British flag and pestering the life out of the British Minister. They are fairly well behaved, although abnormally lazy. The Jamaicans are quiet and reserved. The other West Indian negroes are neither so quiet nor so well behaved, but add more to the picturesqueness of the general situation. Just outside of Panama City there is a settlement of negroes called Caledonia. Here they beat the tom-tom all night, which adds much to the comfort of those who are trying to sleep at the Tivoli Hotel, just above on the hillside. Here also their roosters—for every hut has some chickens—violate all the chicken regulations of the northern country, and crow all night instead of welcoming the rising sun, as all well-regulated chanticleers should do. I walked through Caledonia one evening. The tom-tom was going in several huts, where some sort of ceremonies were in progress and groups of negroes were yowling inarticulate songs. Still, there was one who had a proper conception of his environment. He was black as tar, was singing Bill Simmons in Spanish, and playing an accompaniment on a one-stringed East Indian instrument made out of a calabash.

The negro laborers are generally improvident. They are paid thirteen cents and a half an hour if the Government feeds them, and from twenty to thirty-two cents an hour if they feed themselves. It was found a long time ago that if the negroes were to give anything like an adequate return for their wages the Government must feed them, for, if left to feed themselves, they would breakfast off a couple of green bananas and do two bananas' worth of work, which was not much when you consider that bananas grow everywhere. The Government took them in hand and began to feed them, with astonishing results so far as increased efficiency is concerned. It costs the Government thirty cents each a day, gold, to give the negro laborers proper food. There is no such trouble with the white laborers—the Italians, Greeks, Gallegos and the rest. They feed themselves, but when they do not and the Government pays for their food it costs forty cents, gold, a day each, or ten cents a day more than it costs to feed the negroes.

Shanton, the Cowboy Chief of Police

THE Canal Zone is American territory, of course, just as much as Massachusetts is. It is ten miles wide and stretches across the Isthmus. The policing of this narrow strip of land, populated by fifty thousand, or more, people from all parts of the world, is a most important feature of the work of the commission and its subordinates. There are 218 policemen, or were that number at the end of January, distributed at fifteen police stations along the line, with headquarters at Ancon, on the Pacific side. The chief of police is George R. Shanton, a Wyoming cowboy, who rode the ranges out in that country when he was a youngster, served in the Rough Riders, was King of the Cowboys with Buffalo Bill for a couple of years, and has been on the Isthmus for nearly four years without returning to the States. Shanton is a big, upstanding fellow, clear-eyed and efficient. His subordinates are mostly old policemen from the States or soldiers who have served in Cuba and the Philippines. The first man I saw when I landed at Cristobal was a khaki-clad chap whom I had known in Washington as a policeman, and who had had the Arlington Hotel beat and the Newspaper Row beat for eleven years at the Capital. Along the line of the canal I found other men I had known in Cuba and elsewhere, mostly old soldiers, and all good policemen. When the character of the population is considered, the arrests are few in number. All told, there were 522 persons arrested in January, of whom 502 were men and 20 women. There have been several murders on the Zone, and some robberies. One man, at least, is under sentence of death. Most of the offenses were disorderly conduct, assault and battery, drunkenness and similar minor crimes.

The penitentiary is at Culebra. At the end of January there were eighty-eight prisoners in it. There is no sentiment about people who get in jail on the Isthmus. If a man gets in the penitentiary he is obliged to work during the entire term of his sentence. They put a baggy pair of black-and-white trousers on each prisoner, attach a ball and chain to each of them, give them wheelbarrows and picks and shovels and set them to grading the roads. If any person on the Zone has it in contemplation to commit a crime a trip to Culebra and a few minutes' observation of the convicts will probably put him in a more righteous frame of mind. The convicts are kept constantly at work, and it is highly conducive to strict morality to watch them wheeling dirt from place to place, under the tropical sun, with their chains clanking against the sides of the barrows and the iron balls forming a part of the burden.

Pat Walker has charge of the convicts. Pat is a sturdy, broad-shouldered Irishman, who is used to dealing with just such people. He gets results. The convicts earned more than twelve hundred dollars in January.

There were but seven coroner's cases in January, and not an American among them, unless the man who was found hanging from a tree in the jungle was an American, and nobody could tell that, although it is probable he was, for he had more than six hundred dollars in American gold tied up in a handkerchief in his pocket and two

(Concluded on Page 20)

A SENATOR OF THE SIXTIES

Personal Recollections of William M. Stewart, of Nevada—

Happenings in Washington and Western Mining Camps

EDITED BY GEORGE ROTHWELL BROWN
ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

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DURING the twelve years I was out of the Senate I mined and practiced law. In 1875 I engaged with several capitalists, including Senator John P. Jones, in a mining enterprise at Panamint on the west side of Death Valley, which is about seventy miles south of Bullfrog, Nevada.

Our headquarters at Panamint were in a mountain ravine where there was grass and plenty of spring water. A hundred miles of desert shut us off from the outside world. In the mountains was a narrow gorge, twelve miles long, the walls of which were very high and so nearly perpendicular as to shut out the sunlight for almost the entire day. About noon a few shafts of brilliance would penetrate that vast darkness.

It was an admirable place for outlaws, and it had not been overlooked. A company of gentlemen engaged in the business of stopping stages, and relieving the express box and passengers of gold and other valuable incumbrances, resided in this secluded nook. They were a picturesque crew, with wide-brimmed hats, trousers tucked in their boots, and they wore as ornaments enough guns to stock a hardware store. They were bad fellows, outcasts of society, who obeyed no laws, not even their own, for they were not organized into a "gang," but practiced their profession in an entirely independent manner. They discovered veins or lodes of the precious metals running across the edges of the ravine which terminated in this resort of the road-agents.

We purchased from them most of their mines, which were no good to them, for they were too lazy to work them, at what we regarded a reasonable price. But before selling out and abandoning their stronghold, where peace officers dared not invade, they desired to compromise with Wells Fargo to avoid prosecution after leaving the Panamint. They agreed to pay a portion of the purchase price to the express company which had been a great sufferer at their hands, and, after some negotiations, I succeeded in arranging the matter so that the company absolved them from at least a part of their sins for a cash consideration.

Compelled Him to Dance Until Morning

We then put men to work prospecting the mines, and concentrated our efforts upon two ridges about half a mile apart, where croppings on the surface were most bountiful and rich. These mines were known as the Wyoming and Hemlock. We sank two shafts to the depth of two or three hundred feet, in ore from five to eight feet wide, between well-defined walls, and averaged from two hundred to three hundred dollars per ton. We erected a very expensive quartz mill and reduction works, and continued to mine these veins, but found, to our astonishment, that in each case the ore was a "pipe," and extended but a few feet from the shaft in either direction.

A Mean Trick on the Road-Agents

OUT of these mines and the ore on the surface we extracted about a million of money; and, if we could have continued a few months longer, we would have received all our investment back without loss. The abrupt termination of the ore involved a large loss to the investors.

While our operations were in progress the outlaws were very cordial, and they seemed to like the locality so well that they could not be persuaded to go away, but hung around and acted affectionate and sociable and kind. We were on such good terms with them that they did not hesitate to ask me when I expected to begin shipping bullion, and then I realized they had sold their mines, not with the intention of giving up the profits, but merely to save themselves the necessity of labor.

Having nothing to do they occasionally fell out with newcomers of their own character, and used their weapons with remarkable skill. Those who lost their lives in these encounters were regarded as unlucky—nothing more. Wells Fargo & Co. were in the habit of establishing express offices at mining camps which were productive; but, when I tried to make arrangements for an express station at *our* mine, they said that they "guessed not." They said they wouldn't run any risks at Panamint, not with *that* bunch of highwaymen lying around just waiting to swoop down and gobble up every dollar in sight.

Six Cowboys Got the Drop on It in Six Seconds

We were stumped. We were getting out plenty of ore, but didn't dare to run it into bullion, because the minute we did the property would change hands.

Finally I hit on a scheme. I had some moulds made in which a ball of solid silver could be run weighing seven hundred and fifty pounds. Then I began smelting the ore, and I ran out enormous cannon-balls of the precious stuff that could have bombarded a battleship.

When the road-agents saw what I was doing their eyes stuck out of their heads, and they remonstrated with me. They acted as though I had cheated them out of property, and said I was the meanest man that ever showed up in *that* locality, they'd swear.

"Look-a-here, don't you think you are taking a mighty mean advantage of us?" grumbled one of the bandits one day. "Do you think it's right to play that game on *us*—and after we sold you the mine, too? Why, we can't haul away one of those boulders."

"All right," said I, "business is business. If you haven't genius enough to carry this stuff off, why, you'll have to suffer, that's all. You can't expect *me* to be sorry for you, can you?"

Well, those fellows fairly sweated themselves trying to lug one of those silver cannon-balls off, but they couldn't budge it. They rode off on their horses as mad as hornets, and by and by they rode back, and "cussed me out," and said I'd live to feel sorry for being such an ungenerous skunk. And then they rode away, ripping out the most terrible oaths, but presently came back again. It seemed as though they couldn't stay away from that pile of fine, big cannon-balls.

Half a dozen of them pried, and tugged, and strained, and grunted, trying to hoist one of them on a mule; but that made the mule mad, and by and by he took a hand in the proceedings, and made those outlaws feel pretty sick. After that they gave it up, and while we were loading five of the silver cannon-balls on an immense freight wagon they sat around disconsolate and solemn, like pall-bearers at a funeral.

We hauled that silver out of there like ordinary freight, without a guard. There wasn't any place where the outlaws could have driven the wagon except to the settlements, or, I suppose, they would have stolen the whole thing. They could have rolled some of the silver down into a cañon, or something like that; but if they had we could have recovered it, and silver in such large packages couldn't have been circulated freely by outlaws, anyhow.

After leaving the Panamint, until 1886, I was actively engaged in the practice of law in San Francisco, Nevada, Arizona and other mining States and Territories.

During the time I had an office in San Francisco with William F. Herrin, now chief counsel of the Harriman System of Railroads, I was largely engaged in mining cases east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains at Brodie, Eureka and other places. The litigation in Arizona was of a most exciting character. It occurred during the celebrated "cowboy reign."

Many of the "gentlemen" who had lived in security at Panamint in defiance of the law, before they secured full freedom by dividing the purchase money of their claims with Wells Fargo, retired to Arizona after mining operations ceased at Panamint. They were joined in the grazing lands of Arizona by gentlemen of similar character from Texas, New Mexico and other parts of the West.

The "U. P. Toughs," as they were commonly called, who had followed the building of the Union Pacific Railroad to receive from the employees of that route their surplus coin, also emigrated to Arizona. The discovery of very rich mines at Tombstone naturally attracted the cowboys to the Territory.

The cowboys around Tombstone frequently engaged in bloody conflicts. They were divided into clans. They "collected" stock in Texas, New Mexico and Old Mexico, herded their booty in Arizona, and sold it in California or around the mining camps. These cowboys, of course, were the renegades. There were lots of other cowboys who did a legitimate stock business, but they were all fighters.

A pitched battle between the "Clantons" and the "Erps" occurred in Tombstone during the trial of the Contention suit. Six of the "Clantons" were killed. I witnessed this fight—from a safe distance. As a general rule, strangers who behaved themselves were not interfered with by the cowboys. A pompous young fop, whose name I will not mention, was convicted by the cowboys of "putting on airs." They dragged him outside the town to one of their camps one night and compelled him to dance until morning; and he did dance, too, because if he hadn't kept his feet off the ground pretty lively one of them might have stopped a bullet.

Levy, the Humming-Bird Target

I WAS in a little town called Wilcox when the first train over the Southern Pacific went through. It was a great occasion, and all the cowboys turned out for miles around, and gaped and stared. When the train came to a stop a clerical-looking man, with a tall silk hat, called a "stovepipe," came out on the platform to observe the scenery.

Six cowboys got the drop on it in six seconds and riddled it, and that passenger skipped back without waiting for an introduction and crawled under a seat.

A general merchandise dealer came down there and started in business. He erected a long tent house, and filled it with clothing, whisky and cigars, and put out a gaudy sign. His name was Levy. When the establishment was opened, the cowboys sauntered in, and priced things and tried on all the clothes, and about wrecked the place, and then invited him to treat. He was a very obstinate man.

So the boys made him stand at the back of the tent with a lighted candle in his hand, and then they snuffed it out with their pistols, and it was good gun-play, too, because Levy trembled so it was like shooting at a humming-bird. After this he begged off and opened up his liquor, and the cowboys gorged themselves and carried away whatever they wanted, and promised to come back and give him their patronage; but when a stage came by about ten o'clock the next day, East bound, Levy got aboard without delay, and gathered up what he could of his stock and shipped *that* out of the country, too, and if he ever came back to Arizona again I never heard of it.

I Told Him the Ballot of the Negro Would Amount to Very Little

In 1868 General Grant was elected President of the United States. His

popularity as a soldier and fair-minded man secured for him an overwhelming majority, including three-fourths of all the States. The Chicago convention which nominated him declared for equal suffrage in the South, without regard to rank or color, indorsed the legislation of Congress, and severely condemned the Administration of Andrew Johnson.

President Grant's Administration, by the platform on which he was elected, the public press, and the orators of the campaign, was committed to the protection of the emancipated slaves, either by granting to them suffrage, or by the exercise by Congress of all measures, however coercive, to secure equality before the law.

The Nevada Legislature, which elected me my own successor in 1869, was chosen at the time of the election of President Grant, and I returned to Washington the week before Congress met, about November 25, 1868, after President Grant's election. Many bills were pending, providing for colored suffrage and protection for emancipated slaves by various devices, such as amendments to the Constitution securing equal suffrage, amendments to the Freedman's Bureau Bill and the Civil Rights Bill.

I read over all the various propositions for suffrage and for direct legislation protecting the negroes, and recognized the fact that the general tone of all the propositions for the protection of the negro, was in harmony with the sentiment of the campaign resulting in General Grant's overwhelming victory.

I called on General Grant the following evening at his residence on I Street.

He invited me to his private room, and I told him, in a general way, of the various propositions that had been referred to the Judiciary Committee by the Senate. I said that I would like very much, for the guidance of my own conduct, to know what he thought should be done.

We discussed the matter for several hours, with the understanding that Congress and the incoming Administration were thoroughly committed to the people to give them power to protect emancipated slaves by an amendment to the Constitution, extending equal suffrage to all, or coercive measures of legislation. The former would satisfy the country by placing in the hands of the colored man the ballot with which to protect himself. The latter would involve coercive measures of doubtful constitutionality, to be enforced by military power.

General Grant asked me if I thought the negro could protect himself from oppression by use of the ballot.

I told him the ballot would be his ultimate protection, but that when the whites of the South undertook, in good faith, to carry on their own governments, the ballot of the negro would amount to very little. I thought they would practically be excluded, but that the right to vote secured to the colored man by the Constitution of the United States would save him from peon laws and obtain powerful friends who would prevent his reënslavement.

I called Grant's attention to the fact that the negroes of the Northern, and in some of the Southern, States would be allowed to exercise the right of suffrage without molestation, and that, in the near future, they would have the balance of power in many of the States, consequently there would always be a majority of the people of the United States who would take an interest in preserving the rights of the colored man. I also called his attention to my original proposition, which was offered before the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment for universal suffrage and universal amnesty, providing that the States might exempt voters under the law of 1860 from the restrictions which they might see fit to impose.

If that had been adopted the Union would have been restored with the Government in the hands of intelligent white men—ignorant negroes and whites being excluded until they could attain qualifications entitling them to vote.

General Grant was silent for some time, and finally said he believed suffrage the safest remedy.

He said: "What can I do? I am not President, and will not be until the fourth of March."

I replied: "You are much more powerful now than you will be after your inauguration. Three-fourths of the States, being the number necessary to adopt the Amendment, have already voted for you, and the legislatures of nearly all of them will be in session during the coming winter. The number of persons desiring office may not be a majority of the people, but they are numerous enough to control the State legislatures so far as complying with any reasonable wish of yours is concerned."

He said: "Do you think that is so?"

I replied: "Yes, most emphatically."

He then said: "What can I do? I cannot make proclamation of my views until after my inauguration."

I answered: "Certainly not; but when this question is brought before Congress men will flock to you, asking your views. You can reply in one sentence by saying you are for the Amendment. I need not suggest to you how to prevent further conversation; you know how to do that."

He said: "I am for the Amendment, and will say so on all proper occasions."

We then parted. At the first meeting of the Judiciary Committee, composed at that time of Senators Trumbull, chairman; Stewart, Frelinghuysen, Edmunds, Conkling and Hendricks, I moved that the resolutions relating to an amendment to the Constitution granting equal suffrage without regard to race or color be taken up. Mr. Conkling smilingly remarked:

"I desire to amend the motion that all resolutions, bills and other matters relating to colored suffrage be referred to the Senator from Nevada," which proposition received every vote of the committee except my own, I remaining silent.

I took all the papers referred to me and amended a resolution offered by Senator Henderson, of Missouri, known as Resolution No. 8, which read as follows:

"No State shall deny or abridge the right of its citizens to vote or hold office on account of race, color or previous condition." *(Continued on Page 28)*

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

Mr. Isaacstein's Guinea-Pigs

By ROBERT BARR

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

"You See, My Lord, It was Like This"

I

LORD STRANLEIGH! One moment, if you please."

The young man knew he was being followed through the deserted streets of London, yet during the walk he had never once turned around since he left the imposing portico of the Corinthian Club, just as the great clock in the tower of the Parliament building boomed forth the hour of two in the morning. He surmised that his stealthy follower was no spy, but some poor wretch who wanted money. If the beggar had accosted him as he came down the steps of the Corinthian, Stranleigh would have bestowed upon him half-a-crown, for he always gave a coin to those who asked for it, and was thus the despair of the Charity Organization Society.

Step by step, the unknown had followed him from the club toward his own house, and as several times they passed through dark, secluded portions of the West End, where there was an excellent opportunity of accosting, with no policeman in sight, Stranleigh reasoned from this that the man was new at the game, and diffident, so he resolved to increase his contribution to five shillings, and, as he crossed Piccadilly, at this hour deserted of its omnibuses, strangely silent save for the clip-clip footfalls of horses in the hurrying hansom cabs or the purr of an electro-mobile, and still no word from the follower, sympathy for his reluctance rose, and he determined to donate a golden sovereign. Being a shy man himself he sympathized with diffidence in others. Then, just at his own door, the man summoned courage to speak.

"Lord Stranleigh! One moment, if you please!"

The man who takes from his pocket a full purse after two o'clock in the morning, in a deserted side-street of London, runs considerable personal risk, and cannot be accounted overwise, even by his most ardent admirers; but Stranleigh had seldom been molested as he took his walks abroad at all hours of the day and night, and even when, upon occasion, he had encountered a band of roughs, he was known to have won them over by a certain charm of manner and speech which was as new to them as it was disconcerting. They called him a "toff" and always found him a very generous toff, if they did not attempt violence, when, to their dismay, they learned there was a science in the use of fists which more than counterbalanced their superiority in strength and numbers. Upon occasion, at the most interesting point of the battle, he would spring back and say, in such tones of sincerity that every ruffian who heard him knew he was speaking the truth:

"Thanks, you chaps, but cut your sticks at once. The police are coming. Run for all you're worth!"

"I'll give you more than a moment. I'll give you a sovereign," said his lordship, as he turned around. "You're new at the begging business, I take it."

"Yes, my lord, I am."

Lord Stranleigh drew in his breath sharply as he met the gaze of the man who had followed him. The ornamental twin street-lamps which stood before the door of Stranleigh House shone full upon the person who had spoken to him. The extraordinary greenish pallor of the skin, the amazing emaciation of the face, so great that the cheekbones seemed almost protruding, the ghastly smile revealing two rows of teeth, gave the head the appearance of a grinning skull. In an instant Stranleigh saw that this was no beggar; he was well dressed and spoke with the accents of a gentleman. He slipped the sovereign back into his trousers' pocket.

"Lord save us, man, you shouldn't be out in the night air at this time of the morning. You should be in bed."

"I know that, my lord, but you stopped late at the Corinthian Club, and it was vitally necessary—vitally necessary for myself, I mean—that I should secure the privilege of a few minutes' conversation with you."

"Have you been waiting all this time outside the Corinthian Club?"

"Since half-past nine to-night, my lord."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Why did you not send in your card? I could have seen you in the strangers' room."

"Would you have done so, my lord?"

Stranleigh did not answer this question. He was a truthful man, in small matters as well as large, and he refused to tell a lie even when politeness called for it, so instead of replying to the question he propounded another.

"May I ask who you are, sir?"

"My name is Bronson Marlow, and until my health gave way I was connected with University College in London. I'm a B. A. of Oxford and a D. Sc. of Cambridge. I am a member of the Scientific Societies Club, and would invite you there only it closes rather earlier than the more sporting Corinthian."

"Yes, we burn the midnight electricity a bit at the Corinthian, and I fear not to such good purpose as you do at the Scientific Societies. You seem to think that I would not have admitted you to the club; may I remove that impression by inviting you into my own house?"

"I am very grateful to you, Lord Stranleigh."

"What was your college at Oxford, Mr. Marlow?"

"I'm a Balliol man."

"Ah. I attended the House* myself, but did little to elevate its reputation for scholarship. Come in, if you please."

Stranleigh pulled out his latchkey, but the moment his footfalls sounded on the steps the door was flung open, showing a brilliantly lighted hall.

"I say, Perkins," censured his master, "there was no necessity of sitting up to this hour. I carry a latchkey, you know. Anything to eat in the diggings, Perkins?"

"Yes, my lord. Cold chicken and 'am in the breakfast-room, my lord; sandwiches various, veal-and-'am pie, cold roast beef, leg of lamb, pâtés various, and I can get you a Welsh rarebit, or grill a chop, if you like, my lord."

"Oh, you need not trouble about chop or rarebit. There's enough there now to banish sleep for the rest of the night. What is there to drink?"

"Bottled beer, ale and stout, my lord; a decanter of whisky, syphons of soda and assorted minerals."

"Make your choice, Marlow," said the young man jauntily. "We have many more shots in the locker."

"My physician orders me to drink champagne, but that's merely because he doesn't know what's wrong with me, and is marking time."

"Perkins, bring up a bottle of '78. As it happens, I should like a glass of fizz myself."

They went together into the breakfast-room. They sat down together at the table, and Perkins opened the bottle of champagne.

"Your club is closed, and perhaps your residence is not in this neighborhood. May I offer you a room for the night? Perkins, just prepare a room where it is quiet, over the courtyard. See that everything necessary is at hand, and then get to bed yourself."

When Perkins had disappeared, Stranleigh continued: "And now, Marlow, would you prefer to tell me what is on your mind before we retire, or will it keep till morning?"

"I should rather tell you now, if you don't object. I suppose you imagine I'm in the last stages of consumption?"

"You're not looking very well, but I hope it's nothing so drastic as that."

"It isn't, and I may add that it is nothing infectious, otherwise I should never have presented myself to you. I came to my present condition through experimenting with the air that surrounds us, and I grew so interested in my discoveries that I failed to notice what effect they were producing upon my health."

"Have you not consulted a physician?"

"Oh, yes; several of them. They are much interested in me; in fact, I feel that I am not Professor Marlow to them at all, but merely a very puzzling case for observation. But you will be wondering, my lord, why it is that I apply to you without any letter of introduction when, perhaps, I might have obtained such a document. It all came about through my overhearing a conversation between two members of the club, revolving around your name. Of course, this being a private conversation, I should never have thought of revealing any hint of it, were it not that everything said in reference to yourself was of a gratifying nature. As the talk went on I resolved to meet you if possible."

Lord Stranleigh laughed and raised his glass.

"Well, here's to our better acquaintance," he said. "You have at least succeeded in arousing my curiosity regarding the conversation you heard. If nothing was said that I might not hear, perhaps you will be good enough to tell me who the men were and what they had to do with me."

"As I told you," Bronson Marlow began, "I am a member of the Scientific Societies Club. One of our prominent members is a man named Isador Isaacstein, who, whatever his attainments may be, is quite innocent of even a smattering of science."

"I have heard of him," said Stranleigh. "He is a financier of more or less prominence in the city of London. He came from Frankfort, I believe, and has a branch establishment there; or, perhaps, Frankfort is his main fighting ground."

*Christ Church College is popularly termed "The House."

"Why, you seem well versed in Stock Exchange biography," said the professor with surprise.

"As a matter of fact, I am not, but I am familiar with the unobtrusive Isador through the fact that a friend of mine, Jack Hazel, has for some weeks been urging me to join the board of directors of some company that Mr. Isaacstein is promoting."

"Do you mean the Honorable John Hazel?"

"Yes."

"Now, that's an odd coincidence, because he is another member of our club who knows nothing of science."

"You're mistaken in that, Professor. Jack knows the science of bridge, the science of billiards, the science of horse-racing, and is, at present, endeavoring to learn the science of the Stock Exchange. Jack must be one of the most scientific members your club possesses."

"It was not to promote such sciences that the club was originally founded; but, be that as it may, the Honorable John Hazel is the man I heard speaking so well of you."

"Jack's a good fellow, whose only blemish is a chronic need of money, but I think he would give me a most flattering letter of recommendation if I were ever on the outlook for a job, and I am pleased to hear that Jack spoke in my favor, the more so because I have been compelled to refuse what he asked, declining either to meet Isador or to take part in his company promotion. How did you happen to overhear this conversation?"

"You see, my lord, it was like this: The least frequented spot in our club is the strangers' smoking-room. There is a deep recess on either side of the fireplace at the end of the apartment. In one of these bays a writing-table is situated and in the other a very comfortable sofa. It usually happens that an electric light is burning over the writing-table, while the sofa on the other side of the fireplace is in darkness. Two nights ago, not feeling very brisk, I retired to the strangers' smoking-room, lay down on this sofa, and fell into a doze. I was awakened by voices I recognized, and knew that Mr. Hazel and Mr. Isaacstein, who had been dining at the club together, had come in for cigars, liquors and coffee, as sometimes happens when the regular smoking-room is overcrowded. I gathered from what I heard that they were waiting for a stranger who had been unable to dine with them, but was coming later, and they referred to this man as Mackeller."

He Found the Courteous Isador Voraciously Devouring Supper

"Ah, very likely another friend of mine. That's Peter, I suspect. What on earth was Peter doing in that galley? By Jove, I remember now! It was Jack Hazel that first sent him to me with a letter of introduction, which I think I refused to read, but I am glad I listened to Mackeller, who is one of the best. I liked him from the first. Did they wish him to join Isador's company?"

"No, they wished him to bring persuasion to bear on you, which he absolutely refused to do, with more emphasis than politeness. Before Mackeller came in, Mr. Isaacstein had been urging the Honorable John Hazel to give him a cordial letter of introduction to you, but Hazel said you never read such a note, and would pay no attention to one if you did. The financier seemed very confident that, if Hazel merely put the weapon in his hand, he would use it successfully, and this confident belief Hazel combated, demurring at giving the letter for the double reason that it would do no good, and might irritate you and turn you against him."

"Oh, Jack's too sensitive. He was quite right in saying a note would be useless, but wrong in supposing I should take offense. I'd know that the letter had been obtained by pressure, but nothing could change my friendship, because Jack's a good fellow."

The professor went on: "'You cannot enlist Stranleigh's interest,' said Mr. Hazel, 'by telling him your million-pound company is going to make a hundred per cent. the first year. He's got so much money now he doesn't know what to do with it, and would not trouble to cross the street for your added million.'

"'Lord!' said I to myself, lying there on the sofa. 'This is the sort of person I should like to meet,' and then unconsciously, but very obligingly, your friend Hazel showed how it was to be done. He said there were two methods by which you could be spurred on to action. The surest plan was an appeal to your sympathy. He instanced the great Bendale's Stores, capitalized at I don't know how many millions, and Isaacstein seemed the more envious and desirous of securing your name for his prospectus, because he said it was your name that had influenced the public to buy shares in Bendale's Stores. He said the public bit like trout in May-fly time, from which I take it that Mr. Isaacstein is a fisher.

"The second method, Hazel said, was not without danger. Briefly stated, it was to step on your toes—in other words, to rouse your temper; then, Hazel said, although you would show no anger, you would fight till the last dog was hung. I think that was his expression. Hazel said you had no respect for his business ability, but that you regarded Mackeller as both honest and capable."

"So I do."

"It was arranged that as you had both confidence in Mackeller's business abilities and a liking for the man himself, he should be asked to approach you, and work the sympathy vein or the business vein, depending on which proved to be the line of the least resistance."

"I see. And what did Mackeller say?"

"Mackeller would have nothing to do with the scheme one way or other, and refused even to mention it to you."

"Good man. I told you Mackeller was one to be depended on."

"With that the conference broke up, and I got an opportunity to escape from my imprisonment."

"Well, my good man, you're about done out, and, bless my soul, it's nearly four o'clock. It will be daylight in a few minutes. You must go to bed. We'll breakfast at twelve noon. I've just one more question to ask you. You don't wish me to join the board of any city company, I hope?"

"Oh, no."

"Scientific research, perhaps?"

"Well, yes, something along that line."

"That's all right. If it makes you sleep any better I may inform you at once that, if your project is at all feasible, I'll agree. Indeed, whether I think it feasible or not, I am very certain to fall in with your views, so come along and I'll show you your room. The heavy curtains will keep out the daylight, even at midday, and your room will be as dark as a photographic *chambre noire*."

II

LORD STRANLEIGH and Professor Marlow were not the only two who sat up till four o'clock that morning. It was the privilege of the Honorable John Hazel to be the guest of Isador Isaacstein in his gaudy, sumptuous residence in the West End—a house furnished with Oriental splendor. Previous to the conference with Mackeller in the Scientific Societies Club, Isaacstein had seen the Honorable John every day, and often two or three times a day. After Mackeller's curt refusal to act in any way that would please Isaacstein, the latter was plainly more angry than Hazel had ever known him to be before. When Mackeller had taken his departure the two strolled out of the club, Isaacstein too enraged to trust himself with speech. The Honorable John was scarcely in better temper, for he was deeply disappointed at the outcome, and he thought Mackeller not only ungracious, but ungrateful, for it was through Hazel's instrumentality that he, in the first instance, met Lord Stranleigh, who put his feet on the road to great financial success; and now, when asked in return to use his influence, not his money, he had given a flat refusal without even troubling to understand the scheme that was proposed. The Honorable John poured maledictions on the heads of all Scotchmen, especially those of the north who wore a "Mac" to their name. He said to Isador that it was the general supposition you could get anything out of a Scotchman if you did not touch his pocket, but they were uncivil, disobliging brutes, who got what they could and gave nothing in return.

"Oh," cried Isaacstein, with hot-tempered impatience, "you swells are all alike."

"Lord Stranleigh! One Moment, if You Please!"

"What do you mean by 'you swells'?"

"You and Mackeller and Stranleigh"

"Mackeller isn't a swell; he's a bally mining engineer, with the manners of the coal-pit."

"Well, he seems to have more influence with Lord Stranleigh than you've got."

"I never said I had influence with Stranleigh."

"Then what am I paying you good money for?" cried Isaacstein with an oath.

"Why, I've done my best. I've written letter after letter to him, as you know, and although he replies politely enough, he hasn't done what I wished him to do. I'll give you a letter of introduction to him, just as I did Mackeller, if you think it will do any good; but simply because I tell you I'm sure it won't, then you round on me."

Once more Isaacstein delivered his opinion of the Honorable John in language terse and profane. The young man dared not resent it, much as his clenched fists ached to meet the manly brow of Isador, for the latter had spoken the brutal truth about the money advanced.

"Shall I write you a letter of introduction?" Hazel asked mildly.

For answer the magnate commanded him to go to a district hotter than London is, even in the summer, hailed a hansom, stepped inside, and drove off with no word of farewell. The Honorable John stood there for a moment, shrugged his shoulders, lit a cigarette, and walked along to the Corinthian Club, which was a much more comfortable establishment than the Scientific Societies. He hoped to meet Lord Stranleigh there, and in that case might reluctantly touch him for a loan. He knew he would get the money, but did not like Stranleigh's way of laughing as he handed it over. Strangely enough, he was sensitive to Stranleigh's gentle laugh, while the cursing of the city magnate left him unscathed. He did not find Stranleigh at the Corinthian, but encountered some liquid refreshment that made the outlook more rosy than it had appeared in the earlier part of the evening. Isador would be better-humored in the morning. After all, he was too shrewd a business man to continue long in ill-humor merely because an obstacle blocked his path. Isaacstein was certain to think of some ingenious plan during the night, and next day the Honorable John would be sure to hear from him. Thus he consoled himself, hoping that the golden fount had not dried up.

But next day came, and no message from the magnate. Hazel was deeply in debt, but that did not worry him in the least. Landlord or tailor could wait, but there were some obligations which came under the category of honor. A certain horse had not done what was expected of him on the race-course, and this unexpected default had left the Honorable John with a debt of honor which must be liquidated before the week was out.

The second day no word came from Isaacstein, and after lunch Hazel called upon him at his office in the city, but was not admitted. The chief clerk said that Mr. Isaacstein was working, night and day, on the affair of the Honduras Central Rubber Company, which was to be put upon the market in a few days, and until that flotation was finished Mr. Isaacstein was compelled to refuse himself to any one not connected with that promotion.

"But, hang it all," cried Hazel, "I've seen Mr. Isaacstein every day for weeks on that very project. Here, take in my card."

The chief clerk himself took in the card and presently returned, accompanied by Mr. Isaacstein's secretary, who was much more suave and polite than his master, but no less definite than the head clerk in stating that Mr. Isaacstein could not receive the Honorable John Hazel at the present moment.

"Has he got some one, then, to be president of the company in place of Lord Stranleigh?"

The secretary smiled.

"I am not at liberty to say anything further than that Mr. Isaacstein has abandoned all thought of Lord Stranleigh's coöperation."

As the Honorable John Hazel still hesitated—he was in desperate straits, but it was useless to tell the secretary that—the secretary was obliging enough to say:

"Mr. Isaacstein will not be at his house until nearly midnight. Don't say that I suggested it, but, if I were you, I should telephone to him, say between half-past eleven and twelve. It is possible he might see you for a short time before he goes to bed, but there is not the slightest use of calling upon him in the city for the next fortnight or three weeks."

With this Hazel was forced to content himself, and he turned away from Isaacstein's busy office a very dejected man. At the Corinthian he spent the rest of the afternoon and evening playing bridge, and, contrary to the popular belief regarding a man down on his luck, he won a considerable sum of money, but not nearly enough for the necessity that had him in its grip.

"Hallo!" cried one of the losers, pushing back his chair as he glanced at the clock. "It's midnight, and I promised to be home by ten. I'll take my revenge another time."

"Midnight!" cried the Honorable John. "Good Heavens, I have an appointment at midnight, and forgot all about it!" So he, too, rose and made for the telephone booth. He rang up Isaacstein, and finally got him.

"This is John Hazel. I called at your office in the city to-day, and you pretended you were too busy to see me."

"What did you want to see me about?" asked Isador, in no very cordial tone.

"Why, I want to know how the Honduras Central Rubber Company is getting on."

"What business is that of yours? You're not an investor."

"My dear Isaacstein, you disappoint me. I expected that, with two clear days to yourself, you would have evolved a scheme that would settle all our difficulties. You're not nearly so ingenious as I thought."

"I am ingenious enough," cried Isador, "if I can only get the men to carry out my plans. I've made up my mind that you are no good. You talk a lot, but you don't *do* anything."

"I do my best, and that's all that can be expected of any man. It's impossible for me, or you either, to force Stranleigh into your company, if he's made up his mind not to join the board. If you've got anything feasible I'll carry it out if it can be carried out."

"Oh, yes, you're a wonderful man to promise!"

"I'll not only promise, but I'll perform, unless the thing's impossible."

There was an interval so long that Hazel began to think the exchange had cut him off.

"Are you there?" he called.

"Yes, wait a moment. Oh, well, jump into a hansom and come up here. I'll give you one more trial."

"All right!" And with that John Hazel rang off

As he passed the billiard-room door Stranleigh called to him:

"Come in and have a game, Johnny."

"Thanks, Stranleigh; I can't to-night. I'm busy. How long are you going to be at the club?"

"I don't know. I'll wait for you till two o'clock if you say you're coming back, Johnny."

"Very good. I'll be back before then. So long!" And with that the Honorable John made for the portico of the club, telling the hall porter to whistle a cab for him. As he stood there he caught a glimpse of an appalling face for the fraction of a second. It was like the countenance of a man who had been dead several days, and yet walked. That ghostly visage gave him a ghostly glance and disappeared into the darkness. The Honorable John shuddered.

"By Jove!" he said to himself. "Such a sight is enough to bring ill-luck to a man!" And in this, curiously enough, the Honorable John was right. The face was even more sinister than it looked, so far as Mr. Hazel's affairs were concerned. Jack remembered, with a laugh, that he had seen the man before at the Scientific Societies Club; but, somehow, in the daylight he did not appear so gruesome. It was the sudden emerging of the countenance into the light, and its equally sudden withdrawal, that got on Jack's nerves.

It was nearly one o'clock when Hazel reached the door of the mansion he sought. Not a light shone from any of the windows of the great house, and he feared that his host had gone to bed. It was just the ill-mannered kind of thing Isaacstein would delight to do—invite a man to his house, and then shut the doors upon him. However, when Hazel rang the door was at once opened, and he entered.

He found the courteous Isador voraciously devouring supper, a pitcher of champagne at his elbow, partly filled with ice, as is the habit in some parts of the Continent.

"Waiting for you, my boy," cried Isaacstein. "Draw up a chair. If you don't see what you want, ring for it."

The Honorable Jack knew that Isador's champagne was excellent, whether taken out of a bottle or out of a jug, and, besides, remembered he was hungry, for bridge is an absorbing game.

"I suppose you're after money," said the genial Isador, with that fine tact which always characterized him.

"I wanted to hear how your company was getting on," evaded the Honorable Jack, inwardly cursing him.

"Oh, don't you worry about the company, my boy. Here, help yourself to the fizz. I think you know by experience you will find it all right."

"Well, having your permission to ring for what I want, I'll take the liberty of calling for a bottle, with the ice placed outside. All a matter of custom, you know."

Isador laughed.

"Right you are, my boy. Every man to his taste. This is Liberty Hall."

"How about the company?"

"Oh, the company's all right. I'll look after the company."

"Who have you got for chairman of your board of directors?"

"You'll see when the prospectus comes out."

"A man of title?"

"Yes, and a hanged sight better title than your uppish friend Stranleigh."

"If that is true, I can guess his name if you give me a dozen tries."

"There's more than a dozen men in this country better than Lord Stranleigh. They come high, but we've got to have them. The investing public is composed of snobs, mostly."

"So I've heard you say before, and you ought to know. Still, if you're satisfied I've nothing to say."

"Oh, I'm satisfied all right enough."

(Continued on Page 24)

A Certain Horse had Not Done What was Expected of Him on the Race-Course

THE PARTNERS

All Day Long He Gazed Steadily on the Shifting Shadows

By Stewart Edward White

AUTHOR OF THE BLAZED TRAIL

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

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CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued)

"ACH, Orde!" cried the German. "I am tortured *mit Hollenfeuer*—vot you call?—hell's fire. You whose wife comes in and saves my Mina ven the others runs away. You, my best friends! It is *schrecklich!* She vas the noblest, the best, the most kindest ——"

"If you mean Mrs. Orde's staying with Mina," broke in Orde, "it was only what any one should have done, in humanity; and I, for one, am only too glad she had the chance. You mustn't exaggerate. And now you'd better get home, where you can be taken care of. You're sick."

"No, no, my friend," said Heinzman, vigorously shaking his head. "She might take the disease. She might die. It vas noble." He shuddered. "My Mina left to die all alone!"

Orde rose to his feet with decision.

"That is all right," said he. "Carroll was glad of the chance. Now let me get you home."

But Heinzman's excitement had suddenly died.

"No," said he, extending his trembling hand. "Sit down. I vant to talk business."

"You are in no condition to talk business," said Orde.

"No!" cried Heinzman with unexpected vigor. "Sit down! Listen to me! Dot's better. I haf your note for *sefenty-five* t'ousand dollars. No?"

Orde nodded.

"Dot money I never lent you. *No!* I'm not crazy. Sit still! I know my name is on dot note. But the money came from somewheres else. It came from your partner, Joseph Newmark."

Orde half rose from his keg.

"Why? What?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Den ven you could not pay the note I vas to foreclose and hand over dot Northern Peninsula land to Joseph Newmark, your partner."

"Impossible!" cried Orde.

"I vas to get a share. It vas a trick."

"Go on," said Orde grimly.

"Dere is no go on. Dot is all."

"Why do you come to tell me now?"

"Because, for more than one year now, I say to mineself, 'Carl Heinzman, you vas one dirty scoundrel. You vas dishonest; a sneak; a thief.' I don't like to call myself names like dose. It is all right to be smart, but to be a thief!——"

"Why didn't you pull out?" asked Orde.

"I couldn't!" cried Heinzman piteously. "How could I? He haf me cold. I paid Stanford five hundred dollars for his vote on the charter; and Joseph Newmark, he know dot—he can *prove* it. He tell me if I don't do vot he say, he put me in jail. Think of dot! All my friends go back on me; all my money gone; maybe my daughter Mina go back on me, too. How could I?"

"Well, he can still put you in prison," said Orde.

"Vot I care?" cried Heinzman, throwing up both his arms. "You and your wife are my friends. She save my Mina. *Du lieber Gott!* If my daughter had died, vot good iss friends and money? Vot good iss anything? I don't vant to live! And ven I sit here by her always, something ask me, 'Vy you do dot to the peoples dot safe your Mina?' And ven she look at me, her eyes say it; and in the night everything cry out at me; and I get sick, and I can't stand it no longer, and I don't care if he send me to prison or to hell, no more."

His excitement died. He sat listless, his eyes vacant, his hands between his knees.

"Vell, I go," he said at last.

"Have you that note?" asked Orde.

"Joseph Newmark, he keeps it most times," replied Heinzman, "but now it is at my office for the foreclosure. I vill not foreclose; he can send me to the penitentiary."

"Telephone Lambert in the morning to give it to me. No, here. Write an order in this notebook."

Heinzman wrote the required order.

"I go," said he, suddenly weary.

Orde accompanied him down the street. The German was again light-headed with the fever, mumbling about his daughter, the notes, Carroll, the voices that had driven him to righteousness. By some manœuvring Orde succeeded in slipping him through the improvised quarantine without discovery. Then the riverman, with slow and thoughtful steps, returned to where the lamp in the study still marked off with the spaced replenishments from its oil reservoir the early morning hours.

Morning found Orde still seated in the library chair. His head was sunk forward on his chest; his hands were extended listless, palms up, along the arms of the chair; his eyes were vacant and troubled. Hardly once in the long hours had he shifted by a hair's breadth his position. His body was suspended in an absolute inaction, while his spirit battered at the walls of an *impasse*. For, strangely enough, Orde did not once, even for a single instant, give a thought to the business aspects of the situation—what it meant to him and his prospects or what he could do about it. Hurt to the soul, he stared at the wreck of a friendship. Nothing will more deeply sicken the heart of a naturally loyal man than to discover baseless his faith in some one he has thoroughly trusted.

Orde had liked Newmark. He had admired heartily his clearness of vision, his financial skill, his knowledge of business intricacies, his imperturbable coolness, all the abilities that had brought him to success. With a man of Orde's temperament, to admire is to like, and to like is to invest with all good qualities. He had constructed his ideal of a friend, with Newmark as a basis; and now that this, which had seemed to him as solid a reality as a brick block, had dissolved into nothing, he found himself in the necessity of refashioning his whole world. He was not angry at Newmark. But he was grieved down to the depths of his being.

When the full sun shone into the library he aroused himself to change his clothes. Then, carrying those he had just discarded, he slipped out of the house and down the street. Duke, the black and white setter dog, begged to accompany him. Orde welcomed the animal's company. He paused only long enough to telephone from the office, telling Carroll he would be out of town all day. Then he set out at a long, swinging gait over the hills. By the time the sun grew hot he was some miles from the village and in the high beech woods. There he sat down, his back to a monster tree. All day long he gazed steadily on the shifting shadows and splotches of sunlight; on the patches of blue sky, the dazzling white clouds that sailed across them; on the waving, whispering fronds that overarched him, and the deep, cool shadows beneath. The woods' creatures soon became accustomed to his presence. Squirrels of the several varieties that abounded in the Michigan forests scampered madly after each other in spirals around the tree-trunks, or bounded across the ground in long, undulating leaps. Birds flashed and called and disappeared mysteriously. A chewink, brave in his black and white and tan uniform, scratched mightily with great two-footed swoops that threw the vegetable mould over Orde's very feet. Blazoned butterflies—the yellow and black turnus, the dark troilus, the shade-loving nymphalis—flickered in and out of the patches of sunlight. Orde paid them no attention. The noon heat poured down through the forest aisles like an incense. Overhead swung the sun, and down the slope, until the long shafts of its light lifted wandlike across the tree-trunks.

At this hint of evening Orde shook himself and arose. He was little nearer the readjustment he sought than he had been the previous night.

He reached home a little before six o'clock. To his surprise he found Taylor awaiting him. The lawyer had written nothing as to his return.

"I had things pretty well in shape," he said, after the first greetings had been exchanged, "and it would do no good to stay away any longer."

"Then the trouble is over?" asked Orde.

"I wouldn't say that," replied Taylor, "but you can rest easy as to the title to your lands. The investigation had no real basis to it. There may have been some small individual cases of false entry; but nothing on which to ground a real attack."

"When can I borrow on it?"

"Not for a year or two, I should say. There's an awful lot of red tape to unwind, as there always is in such cases."

"Oh," said Orde, in some disappointment.

Taylor hesitated, removed his eyeglasses, wiped them carefully, and replaced them. He glanced at Orde sidelong through his keen, shrewd eyes.

"I have something more to tell you: something that will be painful," said he.

Orde looked up quickly.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"The general cussedness of all this investigation business had me puzzled, until at last I made up my mind to do a little investigating on my own account. It all looked foolish to me. Somebody or something must be back of all this performance. I was at it all the time I was West—between times on regular business, of course. I didn't make much out of my direct efforts—they cover things up well in those matters—but at last I got on a clew by sheer accident. There was one man behind all this. He was ——"

"Joe Newmark," said Orde quietly.

"How did you know that?" cried Taylor in astonishment.

"I didn't know, Frank; I just guessed."

"Well, you made a good guess. It was Newmark. He'd tied up the land in this trumped-up investigation so you could not borrow on it."

"How did he find out I owned any land?" asked Orde.

"That I couldn't tell you. Must have been a leak somewhere."

"Quite likely," said Orde calmly.

Taylor looked at his principal in some wonder.

"Well, I must say you take it coolly enough," said he at last.

Orde smiled.

"Do I?" said he.

"Of course," went on Taylor, after a moment, "we have a strong presumption of conspiracy to get hold of your boom company stock, which I believe you put up as security. But I don't see how we have any incontestable proof of it."

"Proof? What more do we want?"

"We'd have no witness to any of these transactions, nor have we documentary proofs. It's merely moral certainty, and moral certainty isn't much in a court of law. I'll see him, if you say so, though, and scare him into some sort of an arrangement."

Orde shook his head.

"No," said he decidedly. "Rather not. I'll run this. Please say nothing."

"Of course not!" interjected Taylor, a trifle indignantly. "And I'll figure out what I want to do."

CHAPTER XIX

ORDE did not wish to return to the office until he had worked his problem out; so, to lend his absence the color of naturalness, he drove back next morning to the booms. There he found enough to keep him occupied all that day and the next. As in those times the long-distance telephone had not yet been attempted, he was cut off from casual communication with the village. Late in the afternoon he returned home.

A telephone to Carroll apprised him that all was well with her. A few moments later the call sounded, and Orde took a message that caused him to look grave and to whistle gently with surprise. He ate supper with Bobby. About star-time he took his hat and walked slowly down the street beneath the velvet darkness of the maples. At Newmark's he turned in between the oleanders.

Mallock answered his ring.

"No, sir; Mr. Newmark is out, sir," said Mallock. "I'll tell him you called, sir," and started respectfully but firmly to close the door. But Orde thrust his foot and knee in the opening. "I'll come in and wait," said he quietly

"Yes, sir; this way, sir," said Mallock, trying to indicate the dining-room, where he wished Orde to sit until he could come at his master's wishes in the matter.

Orde caught the aroma of tobacco and the glimmer of light to the left. Without reply he turned the knob of the door and entered the library.

There he found Newmark in evening dress, seated in a low easy-chair beside a lamp, reading a magazine and smoking. At Orde's appearance he looked up calmly, his paper-knife poised, keeping the place.

"Oh, it's you, Orde," said he.

"Your man told me you were not in," said Orde.

"He was mistaken. Won't you sit down."

Orde entered the room and mechanically obeyed Newmark's suggestion, his manner preoccupied. For some time he stared with wrinkled brow at a point above the illumination of the lamp. Newmark, over the end of his cigar, poised a foot from his lips, watched the riverman with a cool calculation.

"Newmark," Orde began abruptly at last, "I know all about this deal."

"What deal?" asked Newmark, after a barely perceptible pause.

"This arrangement you made with Heinzman."

"I borrowed some money from Heinzman for the firm."

"Yes, and you supplied that money yourself."

Newmark's eyes narrowed, but he said nothing. Orde glanced toward him, then away again, as though ashamed.

"Well," said Newmark at last, "what of it?"

"If you had the money to lend why didn't you lend it direct?"

"Because it looks better to mortgage to an outside holder."

An expression of profound disgust flitted across Orde's countenance. Newmark smiled covertly, and puffed once or twice strongly on his nearly extinct cigar.

"That was not the reason," went on Orde. "You agreed with Heinzman to divide when you succeeded in foreclosing me out of the timber lands given as security. Furthermore, you instructed Floyd to go out on the eve of that blow in spite of his warnings; and you contracted with McLeod for the new vessels; and you've tied us up right and left for the sole purpose of pinching us down where we couldn't meet those notes. That's the only reason you borrowed the seventy-five thousand on your own account—so we couldn't borrow it to save ourselves."

"It strikes me you are interesting but inconclusive," said Newmark, as Orde paused again.

"That sort of thing is somewhat of a facer," went on Orde, without paying the slightest attention to the interjection. "It took me some days to work it out in all its details; but I believe I understand it all now. I don't quite understand, though, how you discovered about my California timber. That 'investigation' was a very pretty move."

"How the deuce did you get on to that?" cried Newmark, startled for a moment out of his cool attitude of cynical aloofness.

"Then you acknowledge it?" shot in Orde quick as a flash.

Newmark laughed in amusement

"Why shouldn't I? Of course Heinzman blabbed. You couldn't have got it all anywhere else."

Orde arose to his feet, and half sat again on the arm of his chair.

"Now I'll tell you what we will do in this matter," said he crisply.

But Newmark unexpectedly took the aggressive.

"We'll follow," said he, "the original program as laid down by myself. I'm tired of dealing with blundering fools. Heinzman's mortgage will be foreclosed; and you will hand over as per the agreement your boom company stock."

Orde stared at him in amazement.

"I must say you have good nerve," he said. "You don't seem to realize that you are pretty well tangled up. I don't know what they call it—criminal conspiracy, or something of that sort, I suppose. So far from handing over to you the bulk of my property, I can send you to the penitentiary."

"Nonsense," rejoined Newmark, leaning forward in his turn I know you too well, Jack Orde. You're a fool of more kinds than I care to count, and this is one of the kinds. Do you seriously mean to say that you dare try to prosecute me? Just as sure as you do I'll put Heinzman in the pen, too. I've got it on him, *cold*. He's a bribe-giver—and somewhat of a criminal conspirator himself."

"Well," said Orde.

Newmark leaned back with an amused little chuckle. "If the man hadn't come to you and given the whole show away you'd have lost every cent you owned. He did you the biggest favor in his power. And for your benefit I'll tell you what you can easily substantiate: I forced him into this deal with me. I had this bribery case on him; and in addition his own affairs were all tied up."

"I knew that," replied Orde.

"What had the man to gain by telling you?" pursued Newmark. "Nothing at all. What had he to lose? Everything: his property, his social position, his daughter's esteem, which the old fool holds higher than any of them. You could put me in the pen, perhaps—with Heinzman's testimony. But the minute Heinzman appears on the stand I'll land him high and dry and gasping, without a chance to flop."

"I'm Going to Give You About the Worst Licking You Ever Heard *Tell Of*"

He paused a moment to puff at his cigar. Finding it had gone out, he laid the butt carefully on the ash-tray at his elbow

"I'm not much used to giving advice," he went on. "Least of all when it is at all likely to be taken. But I'll offer you some: Throw Heinzman over. Let him go to the pen. He's been crooked, and a fool."

"That's what you'd do, I suppose," said Orde.

"Exactly that. You owe nothing to Heinzman, but something to what you would probably call repentance, but which is in reality a mawkish sentimentality of weakness. However, I know you, Jack Orde, from top to bottom; and I know you're fool enough not to do it. I'm so sure of it that I dare put it to you straight; you could never bring yourself to the point of destroying a man who had sacrificed himself for you."

"You seem to have this game all figured out," said Orde with contempt.

Newmark leaned back in his chair. Two bright red spots burned in his ordinarily sallow cheeks. He half closed his eyes

"You're right," said he with an ill-concealed satisfaction. "If you play a game, play it. Each man is different; for each a different treatment is required. The game is infinite, wonderful, fascinating to the skillful." He opened his eyes and looked over at Orde with a mild curiosity. "I suppose men are about all of one kind to you"

"Two," said Orde grimly: "the honest men and the scoundrels."

"Well," said the other, "let's settle this thing. The fact remains that the firm owes a note to Heinzman, which it cannot pay. You owe a note to the firm which you cannot pay. All this may be slightly irregular, but for private reasons you do not care to make public the irregularity. Am I right so far?"

Orde, who had been watching him with a slightly sardonic smile, nodded.

"Well, what I want out of this "

"You might hear the other side," interrupted Orde. "In the first place," said he, producing a bundle of papers, "I have the note and the mortgage in my possession."

"Whence Heinzman will shortly rescue them, as soon as I get to see him," countered Newmark. "You acknowledge that I can force Heinzman, and you can hardly refuse him."

"If you force Heinzman he'll land you," Orde pointed out.

"There is Canada for me, with no extradition. He travels with heavier baggage. I have the better trumps."

"You'd lose everything."

"Not quite," smiled Newmark. "And, as usual, you are forgetting the personal equation. Heinzman is—Heinzman. And I am I."

"Then I suppose this affidavit from Heinzman as to the details of all this is useless for the same reason?"

Newmark's thin lips parted in another smile.

"Correct," said he.

"But you're ready to compromise below the face of the note?"

"I am."

"Why?"

Newmark hesitated.

"I'll tell you," said he, "because I know you well enough to realize that there is a point where your loyalty to Heinzman would step aside in favor of your loyalty to your family."

"And you think you know where that point is?"

"It's the basis of my compromise."

Orde began softly to laugh. "Newmark, you're as clever as they're made," said he. "But aren't you afraid to lay out your cards this way?"

"Not with you," replied Newmark boldly; "with anybody else on earth, yes. With you, no."

Orde continued to laugh, still in the low undertone.

"The worst of it is, I believe you're right," said he at last. "You have the thing sized up; and there isn't a flaw in your reasoning. I always said that you were the brains of this concern. If it were not for one thing I'd compromise, sure; and that one thing was beyond your power to foresee."

He paused. Newmark's eyes half-closed again, in a quick, darting effort of his brain to run back over all the elements of the game he was playing. Orde waited in patience for him to speak.

"What is it?" asked Newmark at last.

"Heinzman died of smallpox at four o'clock this afternoon," said Orde.

(Continued on Page 30)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Gift Stock the Public Pays For

A PHYSICAL valuation of railroad property—such as is now urged in the Senate with some show of success—would do little good except as part of a plan to prevent stock watering.

That millions upon millions of railroad stock have been issued as bonuses, without representing any investment of money in the property, nobody denies. In so far as such stock now represents real value, that value has been created by taking the surplus earnings of the road and putting them into permanent improvements. Patrons of the road, that is, have been charged more than enough to yield a fair return upon the investment, and the excess has been used to put actual value behind the bonus stock.

By this process much bonus stock has been validated. Many roads whose common shares were originally water can now show the full face value of those shares in extensions and improvements that were derived from surplus earnings. If this process is to continue a physical appraisement will not be particularly valuable.

To see that no railroad securities are issued in the future unless they represent an actual investment in the property, is more important.

Shaking Down the Consumer

WE SHOULD like to nominate Mr. Eugene Schmitz, of San Francisco, for honorary chairman of the Just-as-Good League. He ought to be elected with unanimity and enthusiasm.

While ornamenting the mayoralty of that city Mr. Schmitz grafted very extensively. But the higher court has decided that the particular method which he adopted does not constitute a crime under the statutes of California, and that his sentence to jail was a judicial error.

"Shake down the dive-keepers," said Mr. Schmitz to his pal, Mr. Reuf; "but take their money as an attorney's fee. Thus we will enjoy the fruits of larceny without suffering its penalties."

"Here is an article," says the wholesale Just-as-Good to the retail, "for which there is a large demand because the manufacturer has spent much money to make the public acquainted with it. I will give you an imitation of it, which you can work off upon the familiar just-as-good plea. You and I, without any effort worth mentioning, will thereby appropriate as much as possible of the manufacturer's enterprise and expenditure, and the law can't touch us."

No doubt that sounds plausible to some retailers. But to the consumer this must occur: "If they are willing to defraud the manufacturer of the genuine article, what, presumably, are they willing to do to me?"

The "Lady" and the Tack

CONSIDER that young lady, occupying a responsible position in a home for friendless boys, who, it is charged, tacked the tongue of an inmate, aged seven, to a chair for disciplinary purposes. She is not a rare exception. Looking over a file of the newspapers of the United States, you would find scarcely a week that did not disclose beastly cruelty to some helpless public ward.

This is so common that whenever a committee begins to investigate public institutions for the care of the helpless, experienced newspaper readers feel premonitory symptoms of seasickness. In spite of honorable exceptions, the whole record is a standing horror.

The young lady of the tack probably did not intend to be inhuman. Doubtless those who know her in her normal relations think very well of her. Functionaries and attendants in reformatories and asylums for the insane and feeble-minded who have resorted to torture in the form of the "water cure," or the not less detestable, prolonged solitary confinement, or tying up by the thumbs and the like Christian devices, are often men well recommended by their neighbors for amiable qualities.

Arbitrary power over a human being is a test for any soul. When the being is helpless and the power is exercised practically in secret, the test is too heavy for many.

A State whose institutions are not glass houses from cellar to roof invites torment for the inmates and damnation for the staff.

Convalescent Finances

OUR exports of merchandise in December and January were the largest ever known, amounting to 413 million dollars. This is almost half as much as our exports for the whole year 1893 or 1894. The balance of trade in our favor for the two months was 236 million dollars.

This compares with a balance in our favor of 237 millions for the twelve months following the panic of 1893—that is, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894. No doubt the large borrowings of gold in Europe in November last were canceled by the shipments of goods in the two months following. The figures suggest that, however badly our finances became tangled for a moment, we had a vast store of actual wealth, in the form of quick assets, to draw upon.

Bank clearings the country over, outside of New York City, from January 1 to the end of February, showed a decrease, as compared with 1907, of about fifteen per cent. But 1907, for the same period, showed an increase over 1906 of about seven per cent. The loss in railroad gross earnings for January this year was only a little more than the gain in January last year.

In short, four months after the October panic we were doing a business that would have seemed phenomenal at any time prior to 1905, and money was fairly easy.

Of course, if enough large employers, to meet a situation that seems quite temporary in character, should insist upon laying off men and cutting wages, thereby lastingly crippling the purchasing power of the country, full recovery would be slower than it might otherwise be.

Justice Without Ermine

AT THE time, as it happened, when the advisability of investing judges with robes of office was under discussion in Illinois, that State presented the unique spectacle of a judge of the United States Court on trial for his liberty—or, at least, for his purse.

The coincidence is interesting. We do not imagine that any judicial costume, from the court dress of a South American ambassador to pajamas, would cause Justice to swerve from her path or either accelerate or retard her deliberate progress. But we doubt the expediency of trying to set judges apart from other subjects of the law by putting them in a special sort of clothes.

Judge Grosscup was one of the directors of a street railroad on which a fatal accident occurred. The grand jury charged him with responsibility for the wreck, and he appeared at the bar of the court, as any citizen would, to answer to the law—and was honorably discharged. So every judge should appear—not meaning that every judge should be indicted, but that he should be and always seem just a subject of the law like anybody else.

That robes increase the dignity of a court, we deny. On the contrary, judicial gowns are almost never mentioned except as the subject of a jest. When Americans take off their hats it is to something more than clothes. The dignity that leans upon a tailor they laugh at.

A great majority of our judges are elected. We would give something to see the candidate for reëlection who would appear before his fellow-citizens, asking their suffrages, in a silken and funereal nightie.

Consider the Case of Kelsey

POSSIBLY the New York Senate was justified in refusing, a second time, Governor Hughes' demand that Insurance Commissioner Kelsey be removed from office.

Much may be and has been said in Mr. Kelsey's behalf. His personal honesty is unchallenged. He has never, during his incumbency, stolen a cent. He has agreeable personal qualities. Whatever official duties he has undertaken have been performed in a manner practically flawless—that is, as the life insurance companies mailed their annual reports, he has arranged them in alphabetical order with the utmost accuracy and caused them to be printed in volumes whose pages are numbered consecutively as they ought to be. In his introductory summary, the figures, we believe, are added up correctly.

Governor Hughes' complaint amounts to this: That Commissioner Kelsey was content to perform mere routine duties and would not exert himself to make the department as useful as possible to the people of New York. For example, it remained for a Western commissioner to discover, months after the event, that a certain embarrassed company was selling securities, and the Governor thinks Mr. Kelsey should have found it out first—although, as the company did not report it to him, he would have had to exert himself to do so.

The New York Senate is not prepared to sanction and establish such a view of the obligations of a public officer as Governor Hughes' strictures contemplate. How many other Senates are?

It angers us to hear Government officers spoken of as "feeding at the public crib"—as though the service of the State were not as honorable, as useful and as worthy of its hire as the service of a corporation. And yet—well, instances do arise which cool our wrath.

A Hint for Cry-Baby Railroads

IT IS a melancholy admission, made by the president of a great railroad in his annual report, that both political parties seem minded to make the "sins of the railroads" a leading issue in the campaign. It implies that the issue is a very popular one.

Probably not one voter in a hundred is really sensible of any injury to himself arising from freight rates that are either too high or discriminatory. Who, buying a gallon of oil, ever considers that he might have got it a little cheaper if rebates had not crushed competition? Who, selling a steer or a pig, is aware of the part played by railroad charges in fixing the price?

Railroad rates, we mean, touch the great mass of the people in an indirect way; not in a way to arouse warm resentment. Generally, the individual's direct experience of railroad rates is rather favorable. He pays a dollar to have a crate of goods hauled a long distance, or goes on an excursion at a cent and a half a mile.

But if you start the subject of railroads in almost any typical gathering of common people you at once begin to hear stories of mean and arbitrary usage—of the package lost in transit which the carrier would not settle for except at its own price and its own sweet will; of the grumpy employee; of the appeal to reason which is met by a top-lofty and conclusive statement that the company's rule is so-and-so. The railroad appears to the average man as an all-powerful autocrat.

If we were absolute king we should try to be exceedingly polite, to appear always the most sweet-tempered, open and reasonable of beings. Then we could do our grafting in much security.

Paying the Military Piper

IT SEEMS that we haven't any army to speak of. The ranks—too meagre even with their prescribed complement of men—are nowhere near full. A corporal's guard does duty for a company, a regiment is about as numerous as a company should be, and the muster of a brigade could be held comfortably in a town hall. At long intervals, upon our vast coast-line, a big gun or two frowns lonesomely above antiquated and ill-manned battlements, and we must cherish our scanty ammunition as a small boy does his last bunch of fire-crackers on a Fourth of July afternoon.

Some military authorities, it is true, take a rather more cheerful view; yet our scandalous bareness on the military side is universally conceded.

It must be so. But we wonder what has become of the money. In the eight years since the close of the Spanish-American War we have spent on the War Department nearly a thousand million dollars, or over eighty per cent. of our total War-Department expenditures in the twenty-eight years from 1869 to 1898. Excluding river and harbor improvements, War-Department expenditures in the eight years still top eight hundred millions. In the last five years, excluding river and harbor improvements, they amount to about two-thirds the War-Department expenditures of England.

This is a good deal of money. The eight hundred millions, excluding river and harbor improvements, that has been spent on the War Department in eight years would have paid the cost of instruction in all the public schools of the United States for the five years 1901-05. At least we should have a corking good military band to show for all this.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The creed is but the soil to grow the deed.

¶ The backbiter is never without something to chew on.

¶ The best way to restore the confidence of investors is to become worthy of it.

¶ Full many a passion is born to blush unseen because its owner has a double chin.

¶ There is a wide difference between the woman who looks good and the woman who is good-looking.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Statesman with Sentiment

THERE are eighteen members of the House of Representatives from Greater New York, the proud metrolopus of the Western Hempsfere, as Colonel Tol Bouie once remarked when in the stress of oratory at a dinner and making heavy weather of it. Unless you are a student, and a close one, of the Congressional Directory you will never suspect it, for the little band of New Yorkers who do not swear off their taxes and contribute to the running expenses of the Government get less for their statesmen money than any other similar handful of citizens in the country.

New York, we have been told, is an imperious and impervious place, to which all the talent of all the country naturally gravitates, and far be it from any person to say it nay; but, however great may be the number of leaders of thought and action who nestle within her skyscrapers, mighty few of them get elected to Congress. We who love New York have wept over it many times, have sobbed when impaled with the cold and brutal fact that there are sage-brush communities out West that have New York macerated to a jelly when it comes to having men in Congress who can move rapidly enough to keep from stepping on their own feet. Once in a while a New York City Representative bulges to the front. One did, a time ago, when his wife wrote a book, but, ordinarily, not a head comes above the surface, nor can a bubble be discovered to mark the spot where they went down.

Still, all is not lost. Even when Amos Cummings died the lights did not all go out, for there still remains one who, effulgent and efflorescent, keeps New York City on the Congressional map. We refer, as the nominating orators say, to the Honorable William Bill Sulzer, of the Tenth District, than whom there is no more incandescent statesman within the purview of our gaze—William Bill Sulzer, sometimes called Henry Clay Seltzer by those who seek to have fun with his resemblance to the Millboy of the Slashes and the cognominal similarity of him to what goes into the highball of the masses. It is all right to have fun with the Honorable William Bill. Nobody objects, not even the Honorable William Bill. Then, after the fun is over and we get down to serious things, let it be stated here that he is the one live wire in the New York City delegation, when you peel him down, taking off the frills and furbelows, and look at him with a calm and critical eye.

Sulzer has been in Congress for six terms and is starting out on his seventh. Before that he was in the New York Legislature several years and was Speaker once. That, on the face of it, is a pretty fair record for a man who has just turned forty-five. He represents one of the crowded East Side districts in New York, where there are more Jews than there are in Jerusalem and all that sort of thing, and he knows what his people want. Further than that, he has a good idea of what the other people of New York want, and when they want anything they generally come to Sulzer to tell them how to get it.

The Incandescent Statesman from the East Side

A Garden of Rhetorical Flowers

IN THE old days we laid great store on the flowers of rhetoric which our statesmen tied in bouquets and flung with lavish hands to the waiting and eager world. Since then the times have changed, and oratory, if not one of the lost arts as the palmy-day boys would have us think, is, at least, in a fair way of being lost, careless folks that we are. But not while Sulzer lives. He is the garden in which all the aforesaid flowers of rhetoric grow. When he winds himself up and pushes the button the palmy-day boys, who hark back to those splendid times when it used to take our wordiferous statesmen half an hour to say "Good-morning," must admit D. Webster himself never pulled off anything that had so much language in it. Bill is a language volcano, blowing its head off ever and anon, and filling the air with spouts and streams and clouds of talk—of talk that has rarely been talked before.

You see, he is a man of sentiment. "Sentiment," as he remarked on a notable occasion when he was defying the Secretary of the Navy to send the Constitution—the ship, not the document; for the document was turned out to shift for itself some years ago by even a higher power—out to sea to be shot at by the Navy—"Sentiment fights our battles, wins our victories and preserves our liberties." That is the reason. Sentiment preserves our liberties, and, if you would get at the bottom of it, for "Sentiment" read "Sulzer" and there you have it.

When it comes to preserving our liberties William is a whole canning factory. He can scent an outrage on those liberties all the way from the Capitol to the White House, or vice versa, as the case may be. He can do better than that. No person can perpetrate an outrage, no matter how remote from Bill's scenting apparatus, without his getting on to it and sounding the loud bassoon. He is there with the scent. Try to put one past him, and you will think there has been an avalanche of phraseology off the steep and frowning sides of the mountain of speech. It makes no difference what the outrage on our liberties may be. The whole boundless universe is Bill's. He lets go at the Czar and at King Leopold with equal vigor and with equal output. He is a little brother to the oppressed of all the world. "Our" to him means all nations, all creeds, all colors and all conditions. He is for the universal conglomeration of man.

"The doom of our Republic is knelled," he exclaims, "when sentiment dies," and so is the doom of every other republic, kingdom, empire and principality. But the knell will not be knelled if Bill can stay the toller's hand. Whenever they start to ring the bell Bill is found clinging to the clapper, shouting into the ears of the universe that curfew shall not ring to-night. He is for the uplift of the downtrod, as Big Bill Devery so eloquently phrased it, and, if it comes to that, he is, also for the treading down of the uplifted, who hold their places "by the oppression of the poor and the sacrifice to their insatiable lust for gold of the toiling masses whose heart's blood cries out for vengeance," which is a mere shadow of the way Bill would put it, a mere index of his real thoughts on the subject whenever he gets on the job.

Besides his regular engagement as palladium of our liberties, meaning all the liberties of the world, he is, also, one of the most fervid protesters we have against the innumerable indignities the haughty majority puts on the helpless minority in the House of Representatives. He can let out a scream against a legislative affront that would make you think somebody was trying to cut off one of his legs with a rusty case-knife. He knows it won't do any good. He knows the crass majority, once it decides on a line of outrage, cannot be deterred from its foul purpose. But that makes no difference. He registers his protest in the name of the common people. The common people always get their crack at it. Sulzer attends to that. There hasn't been an insult to the minority since the Republicans got control of the House last time that has not been tagged by Sulzer with the undying declaration of the common people, voiced by Sulzer, that this thing is wrong—cruelly, criminally wrong.

Notwithstanding these manifold duties, Sulzer manages to find time to look out for his district and look out for it intelligently and well. He is regular at his desk and is always on tap for anything anybody in New York may want, whether the wanter comes from his district or not. This wide-open policy on his part is what makes him so valuable to his colleagues. He is always ready to do the work. Sulzer's manner of speaking made a number of smart Alecks think he was a joke when he first came to Washington. That idea has been obsolete for a long time now. He is the ranking Democratic member of the important Committees on Military Affairs and Patents, and has a lot of influence. Moreover, he is a good debater and knows the business of Congress intimately. A good deal of a man is the Honorable William Bill Sulzer, and New York City's heftiest prop

And not averse to publicity, knowing its advantages, and being honest about it instead of trying to get into the public prints by pretending not to care whether he does or not, like many a smaller-bore statesman. There was that time at the Kansas City Democratic National Convention when Sulzer with his thumb done up in a rag met the reporters.

"Boys," he said, "have you sent back anything about my being mentioned for Vice-President?"

"Not a thing, Bill."

"Well, how about me for temporary chairman of the convention?"

"Not a leaf stirring."

"Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions?"

"Nope."

"Oh, well," said Sulzer, "then put a small item on the wire that I had my thumb crushed by a car window dropping on it on the way out."

Explaining the Affirmative

THE late Senator Gorman, of Maryland, for many years the leader of the Democrats in the United States Senate, has a son, Arthur Pue Gorman, Junior, who is in politics also. Young Gorman was a trusted lieutenant of his father's.

Once the elder Gorman told him to go to a place in Maryland, look into a certain condition and, if he found things all right, to telegraph him the single word "Yes."

The boy did his errand, found things all right and wired his "Yes" to his father at Washington. Senator Gorman was much engrossed in some important measure and, for the moment, forgot what he had told his son to do. He read that single word "Yes" a dozen times and could make nothing of it, so he sent a telegram to his son reading: "Yes, what?"

Young Gorman, harking back to his early lessons of parental respect, promptly wired back: "Yes, sir."

Served Ingalls Right

THE late Joseph E. Brown, ex-Governor and Senator of Georgia, was a ponderous, platitudinous man, who talked interminably in the most dreary fashion.

One day the late Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, took offense at something Brown said and replied in a speech that literally flayed Brown.

A day or two later Brown came back with a long, involved, wearisome speech, trying to reply to Ingalls.

After he had finished Senator Butler, of South Carolina, wanting to be nice, said to him: "Brown, that was a good speech."

"Well," replied Brown complacently, "Ingalls brought it on himself."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Charles G. Bennett, Secretary of the Senate, is the best-dressed man in Washington.

¶ Booth Tarkington, the author, has his cigarettes especially made for him in Egypt. They are almost as big as cigars.

¶ Senator DuPont, of Delaware, and Senator Briggs, of New Jersey, are the only Senators who graduated from West Point.

¶ Senator A. B. Kittredge, of South Dakota, knows more about the Panama Canal than anybody in the Senate. He is chairman of the Canal Committee.

¶ William Pitt Kellogg, reconstruction Governor of Louisiana and Senator from that State, lives in Washington and is as spry as a boy who has just reached his majority.

¶ E. D. Stair, who wants to be one of the Republican delegates-at-large from Michigan, controls an enormous number of theatres in all parts of the country. He also owns two Detroit newspapers.

¶ Marc Klaw, of the dominating theatrical firm of Klaw & Erlanger, is small and whiskered, and Abe Erlanger is large and smooth-shaven. One was a reporter and the other a salesman. Now they run so many theatres and employ so many actors that it must make them dizzy to keep count.

30,000 Visitors Pass through the HEINZ Kitchens Yearly and See the Preparation of

HEINZ

Food Products

HEINZ Baked Beans

With Tomato Sauce

A SINGLE taste reveals their goodness; a single word reveals the secret—they are *baked*, BAKED! BAKED!!

—Baked upon the same good old baking principles established by the New England mothers—baked in an oven—an open oven, with dry heat radiating from every side.

—Baked to a tempting golden brown—until they are so mealy and mellow; so tender and toothsome, that they fairly melt in your mouth.

Can you conceive of these rare qualities being possessed by beans that have been simply steamed or boiled—cooked in a soldered can exposed to all the contaminating influences of the unprotected metal?

You know—every housewife knows—that baking beans is the one and only way to retain their natural quality—to bring out that zest and savor so characteristic of the true baked bean.

Baked Beans Reall

HEINZ Beans, Pork and Tomato Sauce have the same high standard of quality possessed by the well known 57 Varieties.

These products have behind them the 39 years' study and experience which have resulted in the wonderful HEINZ system of to-day, which includes the special cultivation of fruits and vegetables, provides for the most careful selection of all materials and assures a preparation perfect in every detail of cleanliness, quality and goodness.

Our visitors can always See HEINZ Baked Beans Coming Hot from the Ovens.

HEINZ 57

INZ Beans

ato Sauce

When you open the HEINZ Improved Tin, in which HEINZ Baked Beans are sealed piping hot from the ovens, it is bright as polished silver—clean as china—as taintless as the plate you eat from. None but a tin like this can measure up to the HEINZ standard. It is sterilized before and after filling and is hermetically sealed by crimping—without solder. Note the difference between HEINZ and other tins upon opening. HEINZ Tin speaks for itself.

Never buy a can of beans without looking at the label—it's the index of the contents. If the beans are only steamed or boiled the label cannot read "baked." This is an iron-clad regulation by the United States Government.

Therefore, when you want real baked beans, be sure that the word "baked" appears on the label; and if you want the best baked beans, see that the name HEINZ is there, too.

ly Baked in an Oven

To meet every taste HEINZ Baked Beans are prepared in three ways:

With Tomato Sauce
Plain Pork and Beans (Boston Style)
Vegetarian—without Pork

Get your favorite kind from your grocer. 10c, 15c, 20c, according to size.

Let us send our Booklet "The Spice of Life."

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K

Hats for Men

KNAPP-FELT is the peculiar product of a factory which has made the finest grades of hats for over fifty years. Crofut & Knapp were the pioneer derby manufacturers in the United States and for more than half a century have made the best. The C & K shop is manned and equipped for the production of high-grade hats only; therefore, while brain-guided machines are used in processes where experience has demonstrated their value, the important operations, upon which depend the style and character of the hat, are performed by the hand of an artistic C & K workman.

The points of excellence which distinguish Knapp-Felt hats are the steadfast Cronap dye, whose deep, rich, permanent color is not affected by weather or climate, rain or shine; the variety of exclusive shapes, affording the opportunity for the exercise of individual taste rather than the slavish following of self-constituted "fashion" leaders, and the superb quality, a combination of the best materials and skilled hand-work.

Knapp-Felt Deluxe, the best hats made, are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts, the next best, are Four Dollars —everywhere.

Write for THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

The New Reporter

And How He Views the Doings at the Capitol

THE impious and irreverent House of Representatives perpetrated a dastardly outrage, a few days ago, on that mammoth menagerie of mastadontic megatheriums known as the Ways and Means Committee, an organization cluttered up with so much intellect that it is obliged to think in relays, instead of all at once, in order to prevent the thought waves from gathering under the dome of the Capitol and blowing the bronze lady on top over into the Potomac River.

The Ways and Means Committee is one of the fetishes of Congress. Presence on it denotes the highest standing as a statesman and the lowest output of legislation. You see, the Ways and Means Committee has nothing to do except about once in ten years when a tariff bill is up. The rest of the time, under Republican domination, it is occupied in the congenial task of smothering revision resolutions, an undertaking in which it has great experience, and which requires little labor, for the committee is skillfully organized and has its smothering apparatus in good working order at all times, there being eleven Republicans and Sam McCall, insurgent, making twelve when McCall is not off the reservation, to seven Democrats, a contingency which always provides the Republicans with a majority whenever there is a meeting.

In tariff times the Ways and Means Committee holds endless hearings and makes the skeleton of a bill, to be upholstered with amendments when the schedules are under discussion, mostly making the duties higher than the committee itself dared to make them. It lives between times on its reputation. It is impossible to think of a member of the House who is on Ways and Means as not a statesman. Every Ways and Means man is necessarily a statesman.

Naturally, the Ways and Means Committee thinks itself somewhat of an aggregation. It holds rather aloof from the rest of the toilers in the vineyard of Joseph G. Cannon, puts on a few haughty airs and generally tries to live up to its own ponderosity. It has had, for years, a fine, large committee-room, handy to one of the House doors, on the main floor—a committee-room it has been easy to get to and eminently dignified and fitting in every way for its purposes. Recently, the House office building has been completed. There are acres of room over there, rooms for everybody and then some. The Speaker has been using a small closet for his private room, because there was no other place.

Sitting on the Solons of the House

When the office building was opened the Speaker decided he would move, and, to the utter consternation of the Ways and Means members, decided he would move into their room and that they should go to the new building, three blocks away, but with a neat and commodious tunnel connecting, where, presently, there will be electric cars running back and forth and all the comforts of up-to-date transportation, including no fare to pay, which will be highly relished by all members of the House, inasmuch as a cruel and unfeeling law they have passed themselves makes it obligatory to pay fare on all trains and other conveyances, much to their disgust.

The Ways and Means Committee emitted a roar that sounded like four o'clock in a lions' den. Could it be possible? It could be. Well, was it possible? It was. They protested. They formed a flying wedge of dignity and hurled it against those vandals who had this affront in mind, the same being the select committee on distribution of offices in the new building, led by one Mann, of Chicago, a piratical person who knew what he was doing because the Speaker told him what to do.

Mann was obdurate. Then the Ways and Means Committee went to the House, and, in voices shaking with indignation, told of this enormous rudeness to one of the institutions, and a most venerable and cherished one, of the United States. The House, being made up, largely, of men who tried to get on the committee and failed, was not sympathetic. In fact, the House was cold and clammy about the whole business. "What is there about this Ways and Means Committee," was asked, "that makes it any better than other committees that have been put in the new building? Where do you come in for special privileges, anyhow? G'wan!"

There were many conferences among these deposed statesmen. They saw they were to be ousted. Then some gigantic intellect hatched a compromise. "Tell you what we'll do," said the Ways-and-Meaners. "Funny we never thought of it before. You have the Appropriations Committee go over there and take the rooms you have selected for us and we'll take the Appropriations Committee rooms. Simple solution, isn't it?"

Up rose Jim Tawney, chairman of the Appropriations Committee. "Simple solution," he shouted. "Sure; simple as a simpleton, which I would be if I fell for it. You will get my rooms—not, nix, nixerino, never. We are here to stay."

"Well," said the Ways-and-Meaners, such forensic giants as Jim Watson, and Ebenezer J. Hill, and William Alexander Calderhead, and Nicholas Longworth, and Bourke Cockran, and Champ Clark, "if that is the case we'll have a vote on it in the House. You cannot do this thing to us."

They debated it for the better part of an afternoon, pro and con, and mostly con, and then the House handed the Ways-and-Meaners their eviction papers by a vote of 151 to 62, showing that, while it was perfectly apparent this thing could not be done, it was done, nevertheless.

Thus the statesmen have been moved, slowly, painfully, protesting against the outrage, but carting their effects across through the subway, and Speaker Cannon, who, of course, was entirely neutral in the fight, who had friends on both sides and would not interfere for the world, has fine commodious offices and is the whole works at the hither end of the hill. Meantime, the Ways and Means people tell us something frightful has come off.

An Affair with Tomahawks

Two of our real Americans, as we say when we write about Senators Owen and Curtis —they being Indians in part, you know— gave a war dance in the Senate a short time ago and tomahawked one another to the intense delight of all beholders. Owen is some Cherokee and Curtis is some Kaw. They got into an argument on an Indian proposition advanced by Owen, and mixed it in fine style, just as real Injuns should. There were no casualties, except lacerated feelings, for Senator Carter, of Montana, the professional oil-pourer, hopped in and calmed the warring braves by telling them they were both right. That is Carter's specialty. He is always on hand when there is any jollying to do. He is the Little Sunshine of the Senate, and he has the finest paint-brush whiskers in captivity since John Gowdy, of Indiana, was overcome by the effete customs of Paris, while he was there as consul-general, and cut off his.

Lo, the poor Indian, is getting to be quite a legislative factor. Time was, they tell me, when Curtis was the only aborigine in our legislative halls. Now Owen has arrived and there are some in the House. Representative Carter, of Oklahoma, is seven-sixteenths Chickasaw and Cherokee, as it is stated in his sketch in the Congressional Directory, and nine-sixteenths Scotch-Irish, while Representative Davenport, of the same State, announces in his sketch that he has been twice married to Indian women, and that he is "the only intermarried white man" who ever held the position of Speaker of the Cherokee Legislature.

Everybody was pleased when Nicholas Longworth came marching boldly to the front the other day with a fine, resonant O. K. for his papa-in-law and his policies. There had been a fear, in some quarters, that, perhaps, Nick does not approve of everything his illustrious father-in-law had done or is doing. It had been whispered Nick was somewhat in doubt as to the wisdom of various Administration acts, but the whole thing must have been gossip, and malicious gossip at that. Longworth

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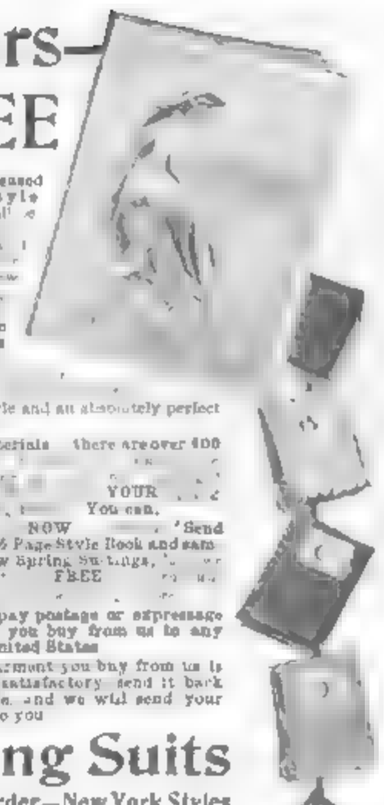

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approves of his father-in-law. He is for him. He stands out valiantly and says the President is all right. Still, it has been a dull winter, and there are some in Washington, anxious for diversion, who wish Nick had put out a line of critical conversation concerning Colonel Roosevelt, just so they might have seen what would happen.

Failing in obtaining this addition to the gayety of the Nation, these inconsequential persons are now watching William Randolph Hearst. It has been announced here that Mr. Hearst's party is to have a national convention after the two big parties have theirs and make their nominations, and that Mr. Hearst's party will nominate Mr. Roosevelt, whether Mr. Roosevelt wants to be nominated or not. If Mr. Hearst desires to do this nobody can stop him, not even the President, for his party can put out electoral tickets in the States and those electors can vote for whom they please, said person being understood to be Roosevelt. That would make a complication that would bring much joy to the haters of peace.

What the Taft Scouts Say

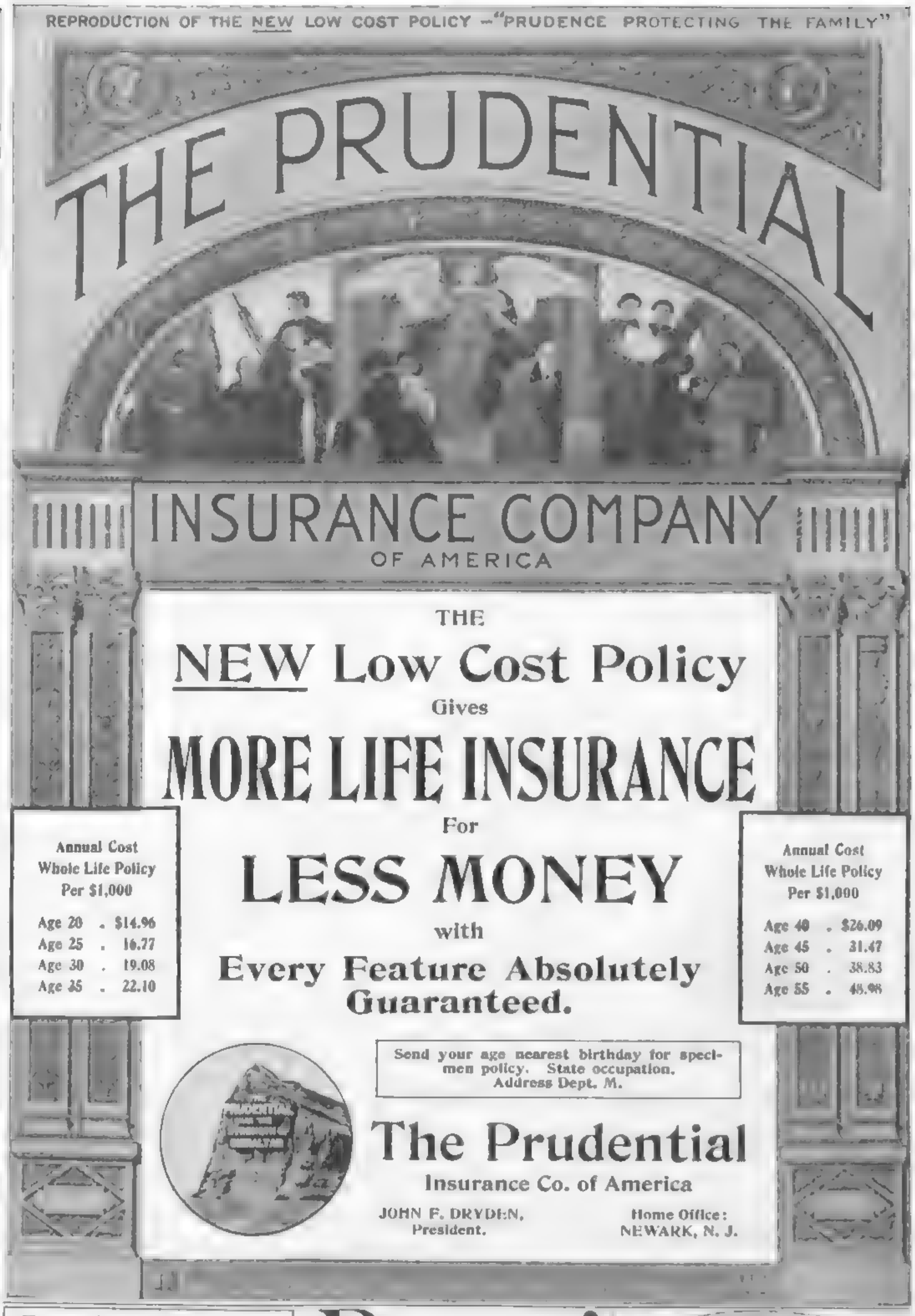
Taft scouts are constantly coming in and reporting that the convention will be unanimous for the big Secretary. The Amalgamated Association of Favorite Sons will not admit this. They claim Taft will be beaten, but they admit they haven't beaten him yet. The wise political observers in Washington are anticipating a psychological situation at Chicago that will nominate Mr. Roosevelt. They say if Taft is not nominated on a very early ballot there will be no chance to stop the nomination of the President, and that the President knows it and will be obliged to accept.

The President is earnestly for Taft. He wants to quit. The fear that hangs over him is that the people won't let him. It is an easy situation to conjecture! Suppose Taft fails of nomination on the first, second or third ballot. There are adjournments. No candidate develops enough strength. Somebody is likely to get up and yell: "What is the matter with Roosevelt? We know we can win with him" And that is about all there would be to it, except the cheering, and the parade of the delegations, and the massing of the standards, and the other hysterical things delegates do.

Meantime, Senator Jonathan Bourne, Junior, of Oregon, clings desperately to his "second-elective-term" idea and cannot be clubbed or coaxed off. Bourne positively refuses to quit. He says Roosevelt will be nominated, that there is nothing else in sight, and that he intends to be on the band-wagon, and is there now, in fact.

He has decided to open headquarters in the same building that houses the Taft boom, or that portion of it in charge of Old Sleuth Hitchcock. Bourne wants to be next door, and, when the politicians come out of Hitchcock's room, he is prepared to harpoon them and explain why the logic of the situation is Roosevelt, with not another thing in sight. If Roosevelt is nominated Bourne will be entitled to wear "I saw it first" medals all over his bosom.

There was great consternation in the Supreme Court of the United States when it assembled after the usual midwinter recess over the discovery that Mr. Justice Moody, the latest acquisition to the Bench, had shaved off his mustache. Mr. Justice Moody had a fine, well-cultured, blond mustache, that drooped gracefully and was as nifty a hirsute ornament as any boasted by the Honorable Justices, with the possible exception of Mr. Justice Holmes' and the flowing locks of the venerable Chief Justice. Still, the court was not balanced in a hirsute way. Moody probably noticed that, and as the usual division of the court is five to four, he shaved off his, appearing with a bare upper lip and joined the other clean-shaven justices, Harlan, White and Brewer. This leaves the thing nicely poised, for Justices Holmes, Peckham, Day and Chief Justice Fuller have mustaches and Justice McKenna holds the balance of power with a clean upper lip, but sporting what was formerly a fine set of whiskers of the type known as brannigans, but which are now clipped to be almost Vandyke. Whereupon the Constitution may be said to be upheld again, or not, as you happen to feel on the whisker question.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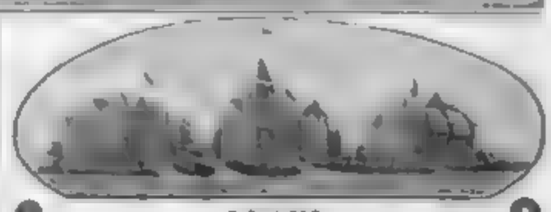

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LIFE IN SPIGOTTY LAND

(Concluded from Page 7)

American newspapers. Aside from this suicide, the causes of death on which the coroner sat, were dynamite explosion, falling from railroad bridge, mangled by machinery, railroad accident and pulmonary tuberculosis one each, which is a light docket when the population is considered.

Local Sentiment Against Sanitation

To those who remember Panama City and Colon before the American occupation, what has been done in cleaning up these former pest-holes is one of the many and one of the greatest marvels of the past four years. Both Panama City and Colon were yellow-fever ports, being constantly plague-ridden and dirty beyond description. They have been cleaned, fumigated, paved, sewered, put in sanitary condition, much to the wonder of the Panamanians themselves, and not altogether without their protest. However, the Americans pay little heed to the Panama people. The republic was made for our convenience and it is held up by the scruff of its neck by this Government. We insist the cities shall be clean so the people employed in digging the canal shall be kept as free from disease as possible. The Panamanians, accustomed to streets full of filth and dirt for two centuries, protest that the vitrified brick paving is so noisy their rest is disturbed, but the Americans set them to scrubbing the bricks every day and insist they shall be kept immaculate. The old rain-barrels and cisterns which were the breeding-places of mosquitoes have been abolished. Water from reservoirs is supplied through iron pipes. The streets have been brought to grade, numbered and renamed, and the two places have been made spick and span.

The Panamanians, who are funny little people, vainglorious and thinking they achieved their own liberty, have an idea the canal is being dug for their especial benefit. They are protesting wildly against the commissary establishments across the Zone, claiming the people who are digging the canal should be compelled to buy of them instead of the Government. When the pay-day was changed from twice a month to once a month, they set up a scream that could be heard to Peru. They are astounded at the outrage, which consists in selling to the canal people stores of all kinds at cost instead of allowing the Panamanians to sell to them at five prices. The commission has refused to change and the Panamanians are about to send a delegation to Washington to protest there. It does not occur to them that when the United States helped them to become a republic, gave them ten millions in cash for the Canal Zone, and cleaned up their cities and gave them fifty years to pay for the improvements, that not much more could be expected.

Reducing the Death Rate

Health conditions are getting more satisfactory month by month. In December last the death rate among employees was 18.11 per thousand and in January it was 12.72 per thousand. A notable decrease has been observed in the death rate among the negroes, who, heretofore, have died in numbers. The total population of the Zone, according to the figures of the sanitary department, was, in January, 1908, 61,121 and the death rate was 19.43 per thousand. In January, 1907, the total population was 45,089 and the death rate 27.41 per thousand. The greatest foe the doctors have is malaria, and they are now getting the better of that. A year ago, in January, there were, in the hospitals, 1813 cases of malaria from 31,851 men. Last January there were 642 cases from 43,390 men. The average number of sick each day, from every cause, is twenty-six. There was but one death among the Americans in the month of January. There has been no yellow fever since May, 1906, and no plague since May, 1905, although there is both yellow fever and plague in the countries around Panama and the Zone.

All along the Zone there is an abiding love for Stevens, the great engineer who did most of the preliminary work, and whose plans, Colonel Goethals said before the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, were not to be improved upon. Stevens was very popular. He had a grip on his men that made them all swear by him. Still, the army régime is equally successful, and the discipline is better. Stevens was impatient of the restrictions on him. He was accustomed to give orders and have them obeyed. He had too many bosses. Goethals was educated in the army. He knows the system, and he has brought the Stevens organization to a higher state of efficiency than it has heretofore attained. Moreover, the employees have all heard what the President said when he sent Goethals to the Isthmus: "Instead of having men there who will quit when they are tired I shall send men who won't quit until I am tired." The men are surer of their jobs. When Goethals says a thing is to be done at a certain time, that means it shall be done at that time. The spirit is partly military, the discipline is thoroughly so, and the work is progressing because of that very fact, and because, after four years, the machine has been shaken together, it has found itself and it is engaged in digging the canal with all other interests subordinate.

Men Deserving Honorable Mention

Aside from the men at the top: Goethals, the great engineer and executive; Gaillard, the man who is ripping his way through the Culebra cut and who is in charge of the excavation and dredging, and who is getting these marvelous results; Sibert, who will build the locks and dams; Gorgas, who has made of a pest-hole a place where any man who will take care of himself can live in comfort; Bishop, who is the most efficient secretary and has much to do with the administration of the vast business—aside from these there are scores of clear-eyed, broad-shouldered and hard-headed Americans who are carrying out their part of the work without hope of fame, but as Americans, doing an American job in an American way.

Such men, to mention but a few of them, as Jadwin and Bolich and Rourke and Harper in the department of excavation; as Harding and Williamson, who are under Sibert; as Brooke and Belding, the master builder; as Reed, the executive clerk to the Governor of the Zone; as Shanton, the Chief of Police; and Tubby, with his wonderful storehouses; and Burke, who manages the commissary; and Williams, who untangled the disbursing department and made it a model; and Campen, the able superintendent at Ancon; and Cooke, chief of posts, customs and revenues—men who are giving the best that is in them for the glory of the country and the success of the undertaking. And this is to say nothing of the men who are solving the complicated railroad problems, and the men, like that sturdy mariner, Captain Ben Corning, who are running the boats.

It would be easy to criticise the work, even from the viewpoint of a layman. There are plenty of flaws, no doubt. But chasing fly-specks can be left to others. The main point of it all is, the American people, through their representatives down there on the Isthmus, are digging the Panama Canal. It is but a question of time now, and the proper appropriations by Congress. There is nothing about the task that is supernatural. They can dig the channel to Gatun. That is simple enough.

All Over but the Shouting

The locks and the dam at Gatun present no novel features of engineering. The great lake of 187 square miles that will be formed will lead out toward the Culebra cut, and that is half done, or more, already. The locks and dam at Miraflores can be built and the channel dredged to La Boca and out to sea. They know what to do with the rivers, how to utilize and divert them. They have the new line for the railroad surveyed and completed so far as needed.

The equipment is practically at hand. The men are trained.

It is all over but the shouting, gentlemen, barring a few years of work. The canal will be dug. That's as certain as it is that the Isthmus of Panama is there to dig it through.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles resulting from Mr. Blythe's recent visit to the Isthmus in behalf of this magazine. The third and last article will appear in an early number.

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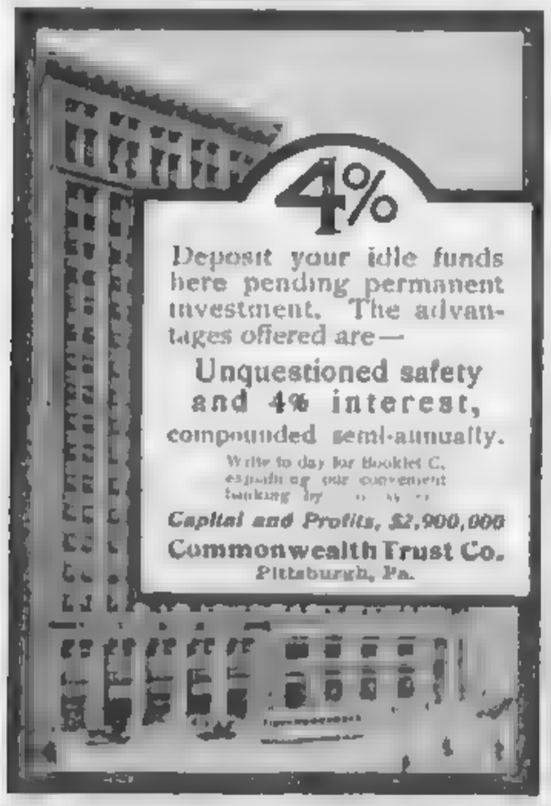
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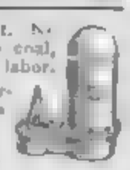

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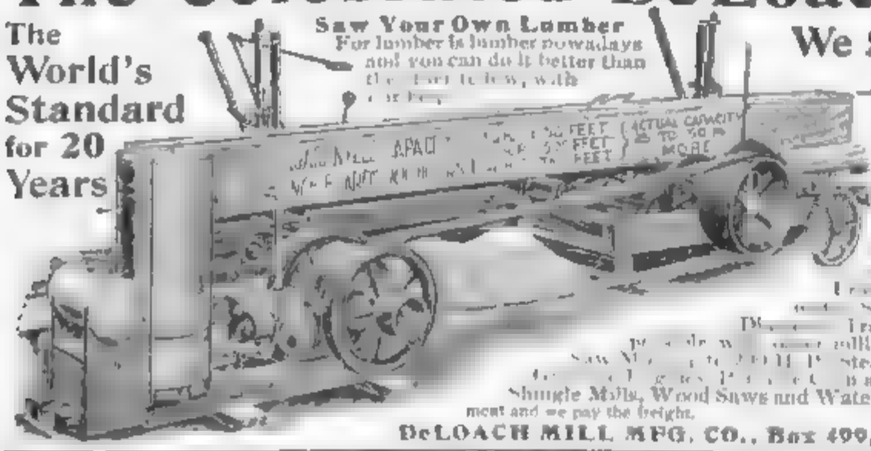

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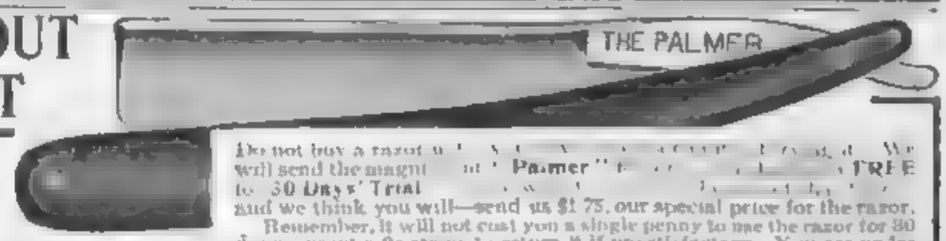

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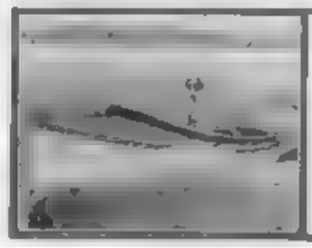

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THE UNDISCUSSED ISSUE

(Continued from Page 4)

and consumption per capita has decreased from 8.40 to 5.88 pounds.

Sixty per cent. of the sheep are in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, New Mexico and contiguous territory. Better products always displace sheep as soon as conditions will admit them. In fifteen years the number of establishments engaged in the manufacture of wool has decreased from 1693 to 1213 and the total product increased forty per cent., or in about the same ratio as the population—having, however, enjoyed a brief but notable increase under the free-wool period of the Wilson bill—while industrial production generally increased about eighty per cent.

Because wool prices are so high, the mixture of cotton with wool grows apace. Cotton consumption has increased per capita nearly fifty per cent., while wool consumption has declined. We import a hundred million pounds of carpet wool. It competes with no domestic product, yet pays a duty of four cents a pound. Some carpet manufacturers have opined that they might do something in the export trade if this useless duty were removed. As it is, they sold abroad last year sixty-nine thousand yards of a value of fifty-seven thousand dollars. The American Woolen Company does a business exceeding fifty million dollars a year, or about two-thirds the value of the native production of wool. Yet it reports net profits of barely five millions a year, and its common stock—in this depression—sells at only twenty dollars a share. In the face of that evidence even a protectionist might admit that the wool schedule is a failure.

The Tariff and Steel

In this respect the steel schedule, of course, has been a brilliant success. In the five years for which complete returns are available the Steel Corporation has produced eight and three-quarter million tons of rails (duty $7.84 a ton; home price, $28 a ton), and 42¼ million tons of finished products of all sorts on which the average duty has been rather better than ten dollars a ton—say, roughly, 450 million dollars on the output. Net earnings, meanwhile, have amounted to slightly over 700 million dollars. After paying administrative and general expenses, taxes, interest on bonds, rents, setting aside 27 millions for sinking funds to extinguish bonds and 25 millions for ordinary depreciation, the trust had left, in round numbers, 435 million dollars; or, after paying seven per cent. dividends on the preferred stock, a balance of nearly 300 millions with which to bolster up the common stock that is all water.

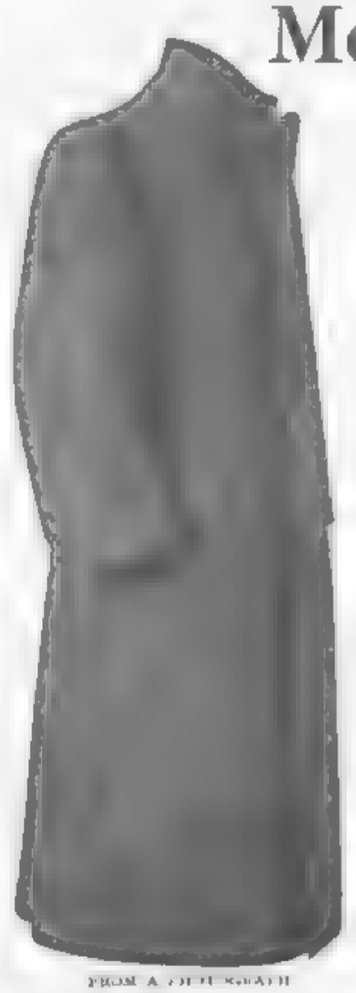
No fault could be found with a duty which operates in that manner—by the trust. Other manufacturers, however, who buy the corporation's products, do not find the situation so entirely rosy. Even the railroads, which are not constitutionally opposed to protection, complained long and rather bitterly about the quality of the rails which the corporation—absolved by the tariff from the disagreeable necessity of meeting any foreign competition—deigned to furnish them at $28 a ton. They said the quality of the rails had deteriorated; that formerly a generous slice was cut off the top of the ingot where impurities in the metal gathered, but the trust had reduced the slice to a shaving. To the poorer quality of the rail some wrecks were charged.

Shipbuilders have complained also. Testifying before the Merchant Marine Commission, they said the trust sold American steel to the foreign shipbuilder cheaper than to the builder at home. Mr. Nixon instanced steel plates, sold at thirty-eight dollars at home and thirty-one dollars in England. "Undoubtedly," he observed, "American material can be bought in England much more cheaply than here." Mr. Moss and Mr. Wallace corroborated this statement, and gave illustrations in support of it.

Importing Domestic Metals

Some three or four years ago Congressman Lind, of Minnesota, made a trip to the Northwest, where the following tariff incident came to his notice: A firm in Portland,

American Clothes—Modern Economy



STEIN-BLOCH tailoring methods are typically American. We do a big thing well by developing time-honored methods to meet modern needs.

Experience has taught us that men are so much alike in general build that by averaging up size differences clothes can be made to fit.

Thus far it is mathematics. This done, we turn to style, and here imagination enters and cloaks our efforts with personality and finish.

The completed clothes are turned over to you, in your city, to try on—suit or overcoat—and see for yourself in your clothier's glass how close our workmanship has come to your personal requirements.

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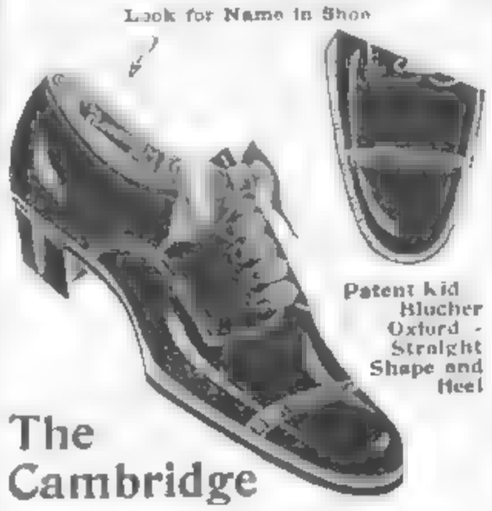

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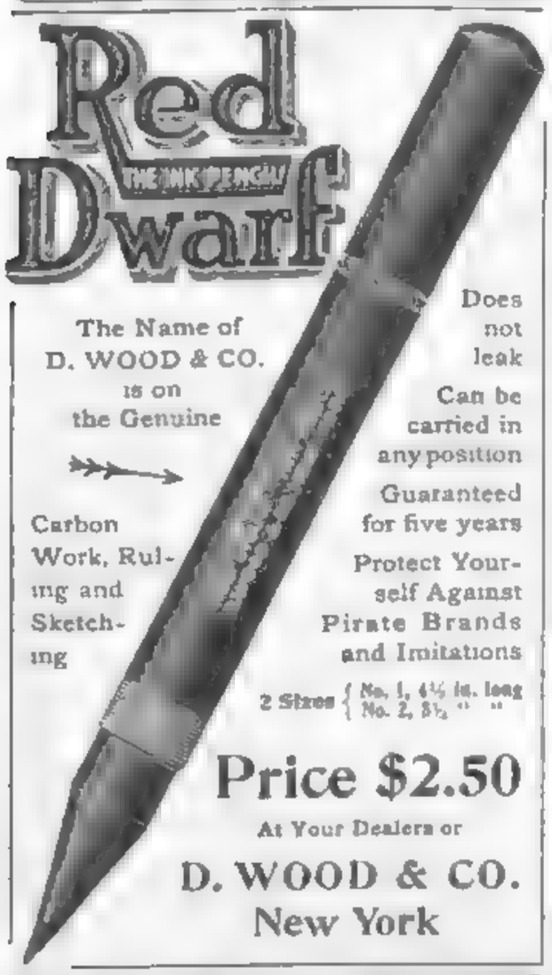

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PATENTS that PROTECT

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Oregon, dealing quite extensively in tin plate and sheet steel, wrote to Pittsburg for prices on certain goods of that sort. Then it got a firm in Vancouver, British Columbia, to write for prices on the same goods. Prices quoted the Vancouver firm were eight to eleven dollars a ton less than those quoted the Portland firm. By a little international conspiracy, the Vancouver firm ordered the goods. A draft upon it for the amount, with bill of lading attached, was sent to the bank at Vancouver and duly paid with money provided by the Portland firm. Armed with the bill of lading, showing its ownership of the goods, the Portland firm then intercepted the car this side the border and demanded possession. The Northern Pacific complied, perforce, and the American firm, by this strategy, secured its American steel at Canadian prices, and saved several thousand dollars.

An American engaged in a small railroad enterprise in Georgia and another in Honduras found that the corporation would sell him rails for the Georgia road at twenty-eight dollars a ton; for the Honduras road at twenty dollars.

Favors for Foreigners

Now, this matter of the difference between prices to the home and the foreign buyer may easily be exaggerated. In the last year or so the difference has undoubtedly been less than formerly. There is no reason that I know of for questioning the accuracy of the following statement in the Steel Corporation's last annual report: "In many important lines the prices realized (on export business) in 1906 were equal to those realized in the domestic market, while for all products they were considerably higher than in previous years." The same report informs us that the average price received during the year for all steel products shipped to domestic trade was eight per cent. lower than in 1902.

The home price was lower—the export price was higher. In a word, as I have said, the discrimination in favor of the foreign buyer was less. In "many important lines" he now has to pay as much as the home buyer. With the slackening in demand which is now at hand this discrimination will very likely reappear. But the export business of the corporation is a very small matter as compared with its domestic trade. As I look at it, not the fact that the foreign buyer may get his steel at less oppressive prices, but the fact that the home buyer is unable to do so, is what really counts.

The Carnegie steel enterprise had its beginning about 1872. None of the famous principals then had any money to speak of. A capital of seven hundred thousand dollars was subscribed to the first steel plant proper. The duty on rails was then twenty-eight dollars a ton, or about a hundred per cent. of the English price, and the mills were presently making a hundred per cent. a year net profit. In 1883 the duty was reduced to seventeen dollars a ton; in 1890 to $13.44. In 1901, when the business was sold to the Steel Corporation, Carnegie, Phipps and Frick received bonds and stocks having a market value in the neighborhood of 400 million dollars. There is no doubt that the tariff contributed handsomely to this remarkable result.

Protection for the Powerful

That the same men would have succeeded notably and made large fortunes without the tariff is beyond reasonable doubt. But when they were so abundantly able to take care of themselves, why should the Government, at an enormous cost to the public, have taken care of them? If Government aid is to be granted any one it ought to be to some one who cannot get along so beautifully without it. The tariff is a scheme for protecting people who are quite superabundantly capable of protecting themselves.

Perhaps the tariff is, after all, going to be discussed. McKinley's last word was for more liberal—and civilized—trade relations with the world. He had begun to see the disadvantages of our all-hog attitude. He looked to reciprocity. John A. Kasson negotiated a reciprocity treaty with France under which that Republic gave about six to our one. The Senate promptly kicked it out. It would not entertain the idea of giving even one. Its idea was to give nothing and demand ten. It thinks a bit differently now. Even in that body the tariff may—in time—be discussed.

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Ostermoor Mattress $15.

is Better than all Others for these very Pertinent Reasons:

MOST COMFORTABLE bed ever slept on—soft, yielding, but springy and resilient—never packs or gets lumpy, or loses its feeling of newness. That is because it is made up of hand-laid Ostermoor sheets; *built*, not stuffed. We have scores of letters from doctors and competent judges who declare it the only

ABSOLUTELY SANITARY mattress because dust cannot work into it; no vermin can live in it; an occasional sun-bath is all the renovating it ever needs; it will not absorb dampness, disease germs, or any poison from perspiration or the atmosphere. It is always

PERFECTLY DRY because non-absorbent. If the ticking is dry, the mattress is dry. No taking cold from it, no rheumatism, no musty odor about it; always fresh and sweet. Testimonials in our free book bear witness from those who have used it for thirty years or more and who do not hesitate to say that it

LASTS A LIFE-TIME and stays in perfect condition. It never needs or costs a cent for remaking or renovating. You may remove and clean the tick as often as you like.

No other mattress in the world, of any material, at any price, from any maker or through any dealer, can TRUTHFULLY make and prove all four claims as can the Ostermoor. Do not take our word for it—our word is good—but if you will

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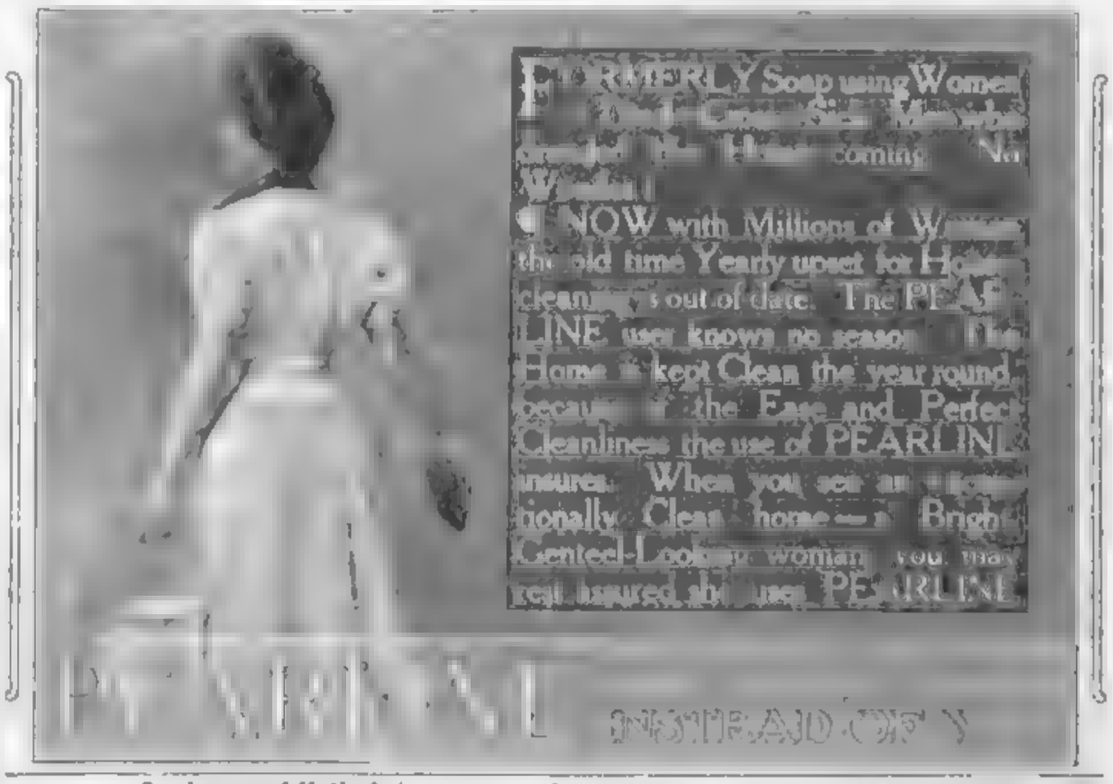
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Tells all about pure bred poultry and illustrates 60 Varieties ... TO Natural Colors ... postpaid. B. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.

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This is the seal that promises goodness and wholesomeness in confectionery of all kinds.

Necco Sweets is the name to remember and ask for.

As an example try a box of

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We own many issues of 5% to 6% bonds, denominations $100 to $1,000, and offer them at attractive prices.

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I make shirts that will fit *you*, because I make *your* shirts to *your* measurements, and guarantee to take them back if they do not satisfy *you*. Over 60 samples free. You select

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$30,000 Oxford, N. C., 5% 30-year Bonds.
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10,000 Transylvania, N.C., 6% 20-year Bonds.

Write for Booklet P and list of other municipal bonds.

LAUGHING EYES—MATCH-MAKER

(Concluded from Page 5)

Winton was leaning back, looking at her, steady. I knew almost for certain that I was on the right path. So Laughing Eyes went right to the point:

"'Caroline's sorry about something. Caroline says she made a great mistake in the flesh and she's been influencing you to change—o-oh! Caroline wants me to go away. She wants my medie.' And then I done the regular jerks for changing control and put on a platform voice like a woman suffrage leader must have, and I says—I was Caroline Seaman Bruce now—it was risky, but I tried it:

"'Dear Lavinia,' says I, 'many things have been made clear to me since I passed out. When I made you promise that you would never marry, but would devote yourself to the cause of woman, I was using my earth sense, not my spirit sense. The cause of woman will triumph, but there are other leaders more fitted. Have you not felt me trying to influence you? I know that you will best serve the cause as wife and mother,' I says. 'If you feel called, follow the call, dear one.' And then, for fear she'd ask embarrassing questions, I threw a conniption again, and had Laughing Eyes come right back.

"Mr. Winton was holding both her hands.

"'Caroline's gone!' says Laughing Eyes.

"Then I put my foot on the push-bell. That was the regular signal to Emmie Rose, out in the kitchen, that she was to come and break up the sitting. Miss Bruce wanted to hear more, but Emmie felt my head and wrists and said that they were cold, which meant the control was passing, and would they please leave.

"A minute afterward, when I was pulling myself together—I was just *limp!*—Emmie come running in.

"'They're hugging each other in the parlor!' says Emmie. All of a sudden she clapped her hands over her mouth.

"'My,' she says, 'I've got to go in there. I forgot to collect their two dollars!'

"'Emily Maude Rose,' says I, 'if you disturb them young people now, two dollars or no two dollars, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!'

"I didn't lose nothing by it; and I'll say that Lavinia Bruce got no fool for a husband. It was about a week later that James P. Winton came into the Standard Bearer office alone. He didn't seem to have no business there; just wandered around and talked about things in general. But when he went over and took down Prominent Leaders of the Woman Movement, the professor got an awful turn. Mr. Winton put it back on the shelf after a while, and when he wandered out he said:

"'You'd best look into that book before you sell it.' Of course, the professor looked as soon as his back was turned. In front of the picture of Mrs. Bruce was a letter addressed to Laughing Eyes.

"Inside was a check for fifty dollars, drawed to the order of Laughing Eyes, or Rosalie Le Grange, and a slip of paper that said: 'Much obliged!'"

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

(Continued from Page 11)

"I understood from your talk over the telephone that you had evolved a new scheme in which I could be of some assistance."

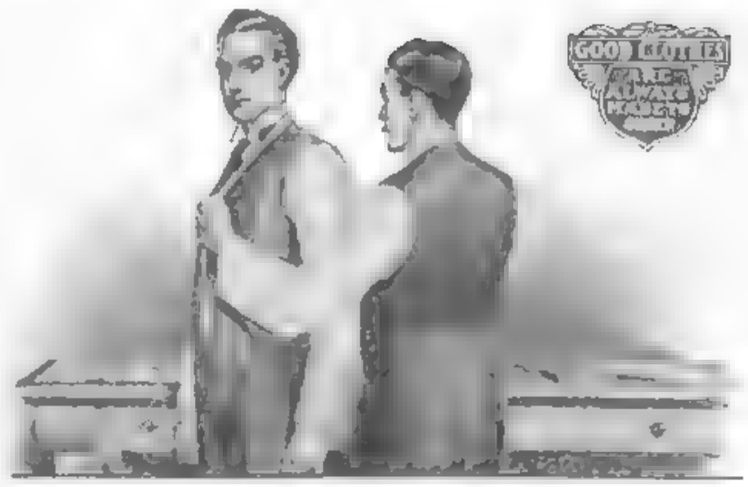
"You do want the cash, don't you?"

"Frankly, I do. I suppose to a man like you, who works purely for love, that seems odd."

Isador laughed uproariously, and brought his fist down on the table.

"You're not such a bad fellow if I did damn you up and down the other night. Well, I had a plan yesterday, but things happened this morning that make it unnecessary. Of course, when I say I've got a better man than Lord Stranleigh, I'm bluffing. Stranleigh's name would draw more money out of the British public's pockets than anybody I know, short of the King. Of course, the other night I was fearfully disappointed. You led me to believe that Mackeller could do the trick."

"So he could, but I told you I didn't know whether he would or not, and it



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which brings to you, wherever you may be, the identical style, fit and service that you would obtain were you to visit in person the most exclusive metropolitan tailor, but the cost is at least a third less.

In a great structure in Chicago we have an organization equivalent in capacity to hundreds of individual tailor shops. Our great force of master designers and tailors, being kept busy continually on orders from all parts of the country, and using immense quantities of materials, enables us to create a big saving.

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How to Order Our Tailoring: Our line of over 400 fine Spring woolens and latest semi-life size fashion figures are on display with a prominent merchant in nearly every city and town. You make your selection, and our dealer skillfully takes your measurements and in less time than your local tailor would take, your made-to-order suit will be delivered to you

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Die in open air seeking water

Gets Them All Has cleaned out the worst [illegible] and mice leave [illegible] choicest food and grain for it. Dry [illegible] leaves a mark.

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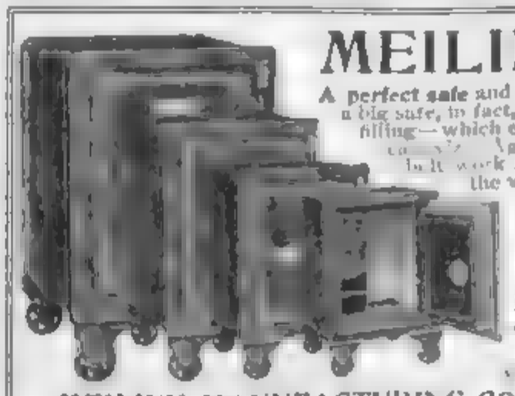

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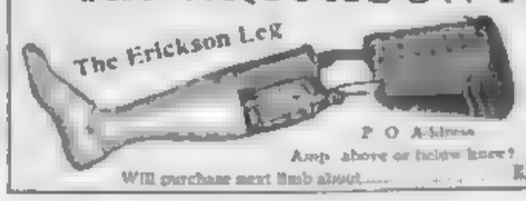

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The kind of paint that *costs* less *per gallon*, but *cracks* and *scales*, not only allows your property to *deteriorate*, but costs fully as much to *remove* as it did to *put on*.

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Factories: Chicago—Omaha

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Before using your Save The Horse you could hardly tell which was the lame one. Now, after using Save The Horse, you can't tell which was the lame one. Save The Horse CURES BAD CASES OF SPAVIN, THOROUGHPIN, BLOOD SPAVIN, CURB, SPLINT, RINGBONE, WINDPUFF, SHOE BOIL, INJURED TENDONS and all LAMENESS. Write for our twice a week plan of treatment. Send $5.00 with legal guarantee bond to cure or refund money. Send for booklet. Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness.

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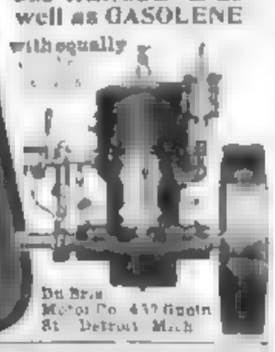

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DELAVAN POULTRY FARM
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turned out he wouldn't. It isn't business to tell you that I'm up a tree, but I am. That information will make you inclined to drive a hard bargain, but I give you fair warning, I can get the money by going to Lord Stranleigh."

"Then why the deuce don't you go?"

"That's my business. I don't want to go. I'd rather loot it out of you, and then I'd have no qualms of conscience. I may also add that I could probably get the money by asking Mackeller. In spite of his brusqueness the other night he knows that I put him on the way to fortune. He'd be beast enough to say that he *gave* me the money and didn't loan it, but I'd be sure to get the coin. I'm certain of that, so you see, although I'm up a tree, there are two methods by which I can get to the ground again."

"How much money do you want?"

"If the job you have got is an important one, I want ten thousand pounds."

Isador put his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, arched his brow, rounded his mouth, and gave utterance to a long whistle. Then he said:

"Ten thousand pounds are not picked up in the gutter, my boy."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Hazel, looking fixedly at him.

"Now, what do you mean by that remark?" roared Isador, again bringing his fist down on the table, but this time in anger.

"Perhaps I should have said I am willing to go into the gutter for it if the money is there. Does that satisfy you?"

The financier scowled at him for a few moments, then he said, in his usual tone of voice:

"If you will do what I ask of you I will give you ten thousand pounds."

"Is it anything they can put me in jail for?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I'll do it. Spin it out."

"Right you are. Now, I've spent the two days since I saw you getting information about your friend Lord Stranleigh, and have learned a number of things that probably you don't know. For instance, are you aware that his yacht has been dry-docked, and won't be out for a month yet?"

"What, in the middle of summer? No, I didn't know that."

"Yes, he went to America on the Adriatic. He would have taken his own yacht if it had been in commission. He's having new turbine engines put in."

"Really; that's very interesting, but what has it to do with the rubber company?"

"Do you know that the King of Spain has invited Lord Stranleigh to Cadiz to see the naval review there on the twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh of this month?"

"No, I didn't know that."

"Then, of course, you don't know that Lord Stranleigh is going overland, and that he detests railway travel when he can get to his destination in something that floats."

"Well, go on."

"I have in my possession, through the kindness of the Spanish Consul, an invitation to that review made out in the name of the Honorable John Hazel."

"The deuce you have!"

John Hazel was beginning to feel the slush of the gutter round his feet.

"Go on," he said.

"I have chartered a yacht at Southampton—The Lady of the Lake. The Lady of the Lake is large and very comfortable, but her engines are old-fashioned, put in before the days turbines were thought of. It will take you very nearly a week to make the voyage from Southampton to Cadiz."

"Oh, I'm going there on the yacht, am I?"

"As you choose. The yacht will be well found: the captain is a careful man who will not exceed the speed limit, even if the yacht were capable of doing so. There are no police traps between here and Cadiz, so you needn't fear the prison you spoke of. You will find plenty of champagne in the lockers, and the best of cigars in the cupboard of the sideboard: ample provisions"—here Isador leaned across the table, glaring at his uneasy guest—"and I shall put aboard a French *chef* as good as the one Lord Stranleigh keeps; so good that your titled friend will never miss the cook he leaves in Stranleigh House."

"I see," murmured John Hazel. "Lord Stranleigh is to be my guest, then?"

"Yes; you'll save him a railway journey, and as he delights in the sea he won't

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MINERAL SURFACED NEEDS NO PAINTING

UNTIL Amatite was put on the market a few years ago, practically everybody who used ready roofings had to paint them regularly. Some of the roofings required a coat every year; others every two or three years.

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In addition, Amatite with its smooth lap edge, is easy to lay, and the necessary nails and liquid cement for laps are supplied free, packed conveniently in each roll.

Can any reasonable man ask more!

A Sample Free. Write to nearest office to-day.

Illustrations at top, from left to right, show: Chas. Johnson's Residence, Atlantic City, East Machias Lumber Co., East Machias, Me., Walton Skating Rink, Lockport, N. Y. All covered with Amatite.

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When you consider the ordinary carbon produces barely [illegible] it's easy to figure why Carnation Carbon is twice as good at half the cost.

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It writes over 3,000 letters—is as [illegible] and it positively cannot smut. Your dealer has Carnation Carbon Paper and Typewriter Ribbons. If he hasn't write us and we will see that you are supplied. We have a [illegible] for one who writes. Address—

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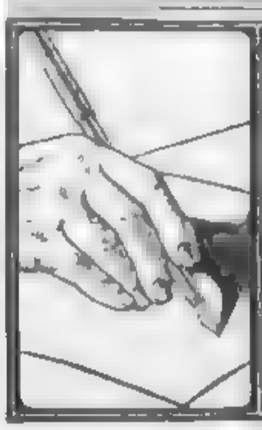

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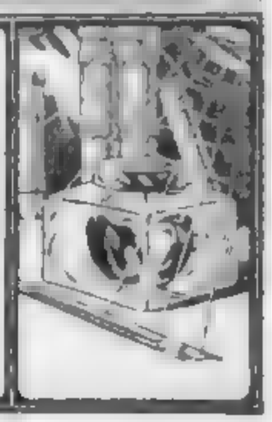

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If, however, you are seeking to turn expense into investment, use

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"Look for the Water Mark"

The added influence given your messages by the clean, crisp sheets will wipe out the expense item and leave a balance on the other side.

A little journey into the workings of your own mind will strengthen our argument. To help, ask us for a specimen book of the paper showing letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond. It's worth having.

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The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

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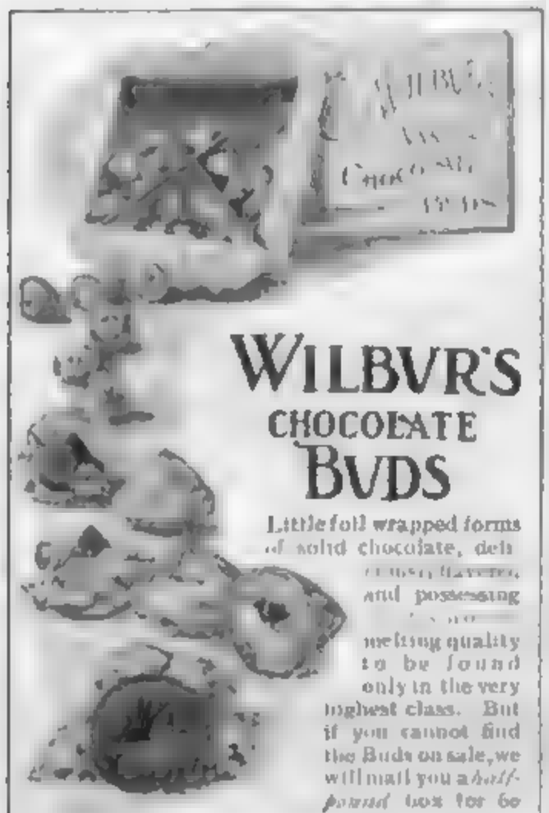

WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

Little foil wrapped forms of solid chocolate, delicious flavored, and possessing a melting quality to be found only in the very highest class. But if you cannot find the Buds on sale, we will mail you a *half-pound* box for 60 *cents* or *one pound* for a *dollar*

T. M. Reg. in U. S. Pat. Off.

A sample box for your dealer's name and 10 cents in stamps, if you prefer, but *only one box to the same address.*

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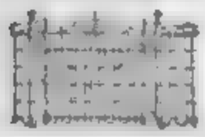


Sheath-Brook & Seaman Co.
253 Broadway New York City

mand the voyage being a day or two longer than would be the case with a faster vessel."

"No, he wouldn't mind that. Is anything else expected of me?"

"Nothing else, Mr. Hazel, except that I should like you to see personally to the provisioning of the yacht, so that everything will be to your satisfaction, and, as in this house, if there's anything you want, all you have to do is to ring for it. Of course, when I say personally, I mean only that you'll take the trouble to look over the list of her equipment, and anything you suggest will be added."

The Honorable John Hazel poured himself out a full glass of champagne and drank it

"I suppose I can put into any convenient port, so that Lord Stranleigh may telegraph to London, or receive letters while we are *en route?* The Lady of the Lake is a slow boat, you say."

"After The Lady of the Lake leaves Southampton, Mr. Hazel, her next port of call will be Cadiz. That is part of our contract."

"Then Lord Stranleigh will be one week away from England, during which time he can communicate with nobody, and nobody can communicate with him?"

"Precisely."

"And what devilment will you be up to meanwhile? How do you intend to use the interval, if you are willing to pay ten thousand pounds for it?"

Mr. Isaacstein waved his hand back and forward in the air before his face.

"That has nothing to do with you, Mr. John Hazel. What you asked for was a job that had no risk and no police traps. There it is: take it or leave it, and the compensation is ten thousand pounds."

"Will you pay the money to me tomorrow?"

"No, I won't."

"Suppose I did this, and attempted to collect for it. How would you advise me to set about the collection?"

"You don't need to set about it. The moment you have done the trick I'll pay the money."

"You expect me, then, to trust you?"

Isador shrugged his shoulders, and raised his eyebrows, but seemed in no way offended at the implied lack of confidence.

"Somebody must trust somebody in transactions of this kind," he said. "You will get the ten thousand pounds if you do the job. If you don't, you won't."

"But suppose Stranleigh is invited by somebody else?"

"That's easily found out. It's tomorrow now," said the magnate, looking at his watch. "It's close on two o'clock. We've been gassing here for more than an hour, and yet have come to no conclusion."

"Good Heavens, it isn't as late as that? I promised Lord Stranleigh I'd return to the Corinthian Club. He's waiting there for me now. Where's your telephone?"

"Be careful what you say to him," cautioned Isaacstein.

"All right, all right," replied Hazel, with a gesture of impatience. "I know how to talk to Stranleigh."

A servant conducted him to the telephone, rang up the club, got his lordship, and handed the receiver to Hazel.

"That you, Stranleigh?"

"Yes. Fine time of night this to ring a man up! I thought you were returning right away to the club?"

"I thought so, too, but I've got an important business conference on that may result rather to my own advantage."

He heard Stranleigh laughing, and that irritated him, but with the financier's warning still ringing in his ears, he took care not to show his resentment.

"By the way, Stranleigh, if this deal comes off I'll be in funds, and I want to take a little trip down to Spain."

"O-ho, are you invited to the naval demonstration at Cadiz?"

"Yes. Are you going?"

"I think so."

"Well, Stranleigh, why not take your yacht and let us both go together?"

"Sorry, old chap, but the yacht is out of commission, won't be ready for a month or more yet. Good-night. It's nearly two o'clock, and I must be toddling off home."

Lord Stranleigh left the club shortly after, and was followed, as we have seen, by the man with the awesome face.

As Hazel returned from the telephone a servant met him in the hall and conducted him to an Oriental divan, where he found Isaacstein lolling back among the cushions, smoking a fat cigar, with a small table and a cup of coffee before him.

Hazel repeated the conversation that had taken place between him and Stranleigh over the telephone. The financier nodded approval.

"Now, if you carry it all off like that," he said, "you'll have ten thousand pounds in your bank account before many days are past. You didn't tell him too much or too little, and you paved the way for your invitation on board The Lady of the Lake. That was a very good move, your asking him to take *his* yacht to Cadiz—a very good move, indeed. Now I think we've got everything settled."

"Begging your pardon, we haven't. We haven't even begun to settle it."

"Oh, haven't we?"

"No. I've got to be told exactly what you are going to do when I have kidnaped Stranleigh. What are you going to do in London?"

"Don't talk like a fool, Hazel. You're not kidnaping Stranleigh. You're inviting him to take a voyage on the yacht that has been lent you. He accepts of his own free will, or he refuses, as the case may be. It's a perfectly legitimate and friendly transaction. Have you got Lord Stranleigh's letters to you in your pocket?"

"Yes."

"Hand them over to me. I want to read them; and, while I am doing so, you make up your mind whether you want to know my affairs as well as your own. You're taking no risk. I'm the man that runs into whatever danger there may be, and, if you take my advice, you'd better not know what's to be done, then you can say with that clear conscience of yours, if anything goes wrong afterward, that you knew nothing about it."

Hazel handed to him a packet of letters. Isaacstein slipped off the rubber band and, one by one, perused them carefully. Hazel smoked his cigar, and narrowly watched his host. When the latter had finished his reading he put the rubber band on the packet again and said:

"You must let me have these letters."

"Oh, I don't know about that."

"I do. You give me these letters in return for the money I've advanced. That leaves us square."

"Very well; they're of no use to me. I've thought over the situation, as you advised, and I'm determined to know exactly what you are going to do."

Isador shrugged his shoulders, placed the letters in an inside pocket, and said carelessly:

"I have not the least objection to telling you. You think, I suppose, that I intend to break into Lord Stranleigh's treasury while he's away?"

"I know you're up to some devilment, and I'm determined to find out just how deep that devilment is."

"I suppose," returned the financier, "that if it's deep enough you can go to Lord Stranleigh and sell me out. You can get more from him than I've offered you."

"There is this in the way of your amiable suggestion, Mr. Isaacstein: If I did go to Lord Stranleigh he'd merely laugh at me. He does not believe I am shrewd enough either to save him or to help myself. No, Stranleigh wouldn't pay ten thousand pounds for anything I could do for him, so you see you are quite safe. I will not waste time in protesting that I would not sell you out, because I am practically selling out Stranleigh, but I am showing you, what is much more to the point, that if I attempted to sell you out there are no buyers. Now are you satisfied?"

"Yes; that's the way I like to hear a man talk. That's business. On my part I give you my word that Lord Stranleigh will not be injured in the least. What I intend to do is this, and, if you help me to carry it out, your recompense will not stop at the ten thousand pounds, be assured of that, for there is a lot of money in my plan."

Hazel's eyes glittered.

"Let's hear about it," he said.

"The moment you've got Lord Stranleigh out at sea the prospectus of the Honduras Central Rubber Company will be offered to the public. Capital one million pounds; chairman of the board of directors, Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

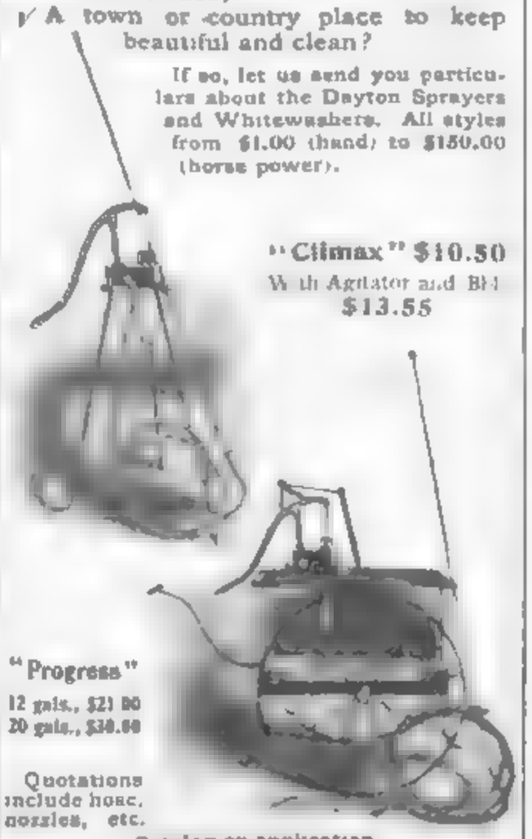
Editor's Note—This is the first part of the fourth of a series of stories of Young Lord Stranleigh, by Mr. Barr.

Check This List, Please!

Are you a
- Fruit Grower
- Farmer
- Dairyman
- Breeder of stock
- Poultry Raiser
- Florist
- Gardener or Park Superintendent
- Nurseryman
- Tobacco Planter or Packer
- Cigar Manufacturer

Or have you
- Buildings to coat with water paint or whitewash,
- A town or country place to keep beautiful and clean?

If so, let us send you particulars about the Dayton Sprayers and Whitewashers. All styles from $1.00 (hand) to $150.00 (horse power).



"Climax" $10.50
With Agitator and Bl
$13.55

"Progress"
12 gals., $21 00
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Quotations include hose, nozzles, etc.

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Dayton Supply Co.
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Would you wear a Shoulder Brace if you could find one that just suited you?

Gamble's Improved Shoulder Brace

is made with non-rustable steels that press in upon the shoulder blades exactly as the thumbs do, and it is the only brace that actually makes and keeps the figure straight and at the same time allows all possible freedom of action

In the prepaid. Special springs for extreme cases, 50c extra. Have using (not tight) chest measure over vest.

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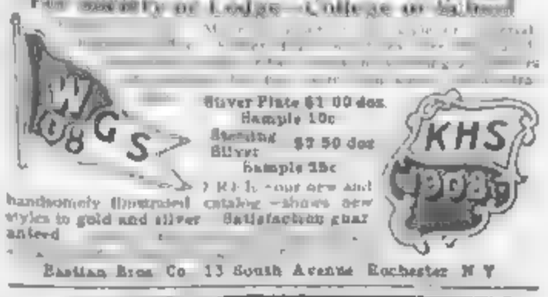
For Society or Lodge—College or School



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For Making Coffee on the Table.

Coffee can be made a clear, delicious, healthful beverage if prepared in the

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"METEOR"

Coffee Percolator

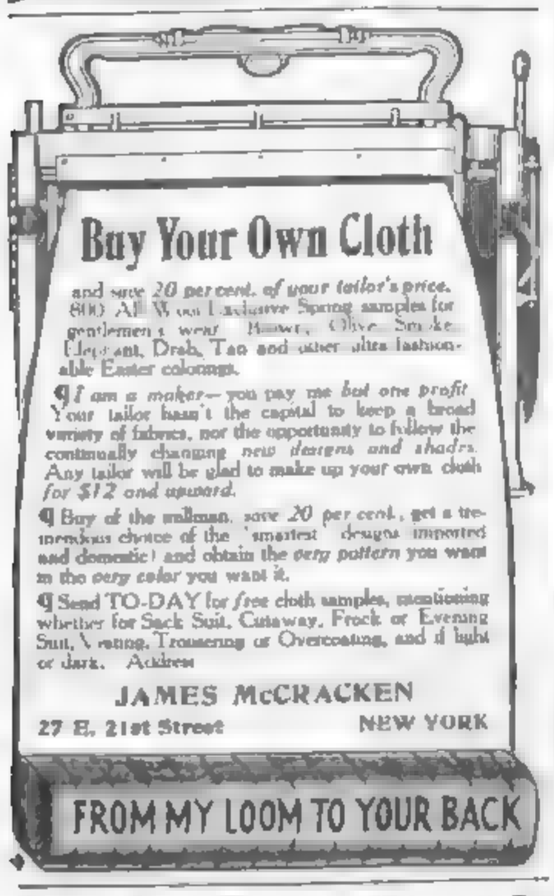
It's the boiling the grounds that spoils Coffee. The Manning-Bowman method filters the water through the Coffee, extracting the flavor and leaving the tannic acid and bitter grounds behind. **Saves One Third** because it extracts *all the good* of the Coffee.

At leading dealers or the Urn Style with aluminum Coffee Pot Style for use on gas stove or range. Over 100 styles and sizes. Write for descriptive booklet "C 25"

MANNING-BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Makers of Manning-Bowman Electric Percolators and Bread Mixers

For Making Coffee on the Range



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and save *20 per cent. of your tailor's price.* 800 All Wool Exclusive Spring samples for gentlemen's wear. Brown, Olive, Smoke, Elegant, Drab, Tan and other ultra fashionable Easter colorings.

¶ *I am a maker*—you pay me *but one profit.* Your tailor hasn't the capital to keep a broad variety of fabrics, nor the opportunity to follow the continually changing *new designs and shades.* Any tailor will be glad to make up your own cloth *for $12 and upward.*

¶ Buy of the tailoring maker, save *20 per cent.*, get a tremendous choice of the smartest designs imported and domestic and obtain the *very pattern* you want in the *very color* you want it.

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JAMES McCRACKEN

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FROM MY LOOM TO YOUR BACK

Let the Baby Have It

Your Baby's *health, comfort* and *happiness* demand the use of the handy Oriole Go Basket which can be used as a Go Cart, Carriage, High Chair, Jumper and Bassinet. Change from one to the other in 5 seconds without even removing baby. May be taken with wheels out of sight. Sets on floor. Has Reed Basket that will last with the

Oriole Go-Basket

THE WITHROW REED CO., 243 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

"DAFMO" DRAWER-SUPPORTERS

You can't beat [illegible] 50c, 30c

Agents wanted

D. S. CLAMP CO., Met. Bldg., New York City.

Sense and Nonsense

An Easter Greeting

I saidt to Schmit dishtinct andt slow, "You pay dot feefty cent
I lent to you a veek ago—dis iss de endt of Lent."

Bryan on Advertising

IT IS the lot of the wise man to be asked fool questions. In fact, the asking is an acknowledgment of the wisdom of the man of whom the inquiry is made. Nobody ever asks a fool question of a fool, for a fool answers a fool according to his folly, and there is no question whereto the asker so honestly wants a wise answer as a fool question.

This being so, the man who asked William Jennings Bryan whether he really believed in advertising paid Mr. Bryan a compliment. It happened in Reading, Pennsylvania, this winter, and the modern Commoner indeed showed that he was a wise man by the reply he made. It was:

"The fellow who tries to attract business without advertising is like the fellow who throws his sweetheart a silent kiss in the dark. He knows what he is doing—but nobody else does."

Gathering the Grasshopper Crop

NOT far from our mining camp on the North Fork of the American River, thirty miles from Sacramento, in my early days in California, was a large family of the Digger Indians. Passing over the divide one day in the fall, about the year 1851, I saw the whole family of natives—men, women and children—armed with brush, driving grasshoppers to a central point in an oak opening or small prairie, about four or five acres in extent. This little prairie was covered with a heavy growth of sun-cured hay a foot high.

As they approached the centre of the tract I noticed a place in the centre where the hay had been cleared off. As I followed up the converging line of Diggers I saw three or four holes in the ground into which they were driving and forcing the hoppers. When all that had not escaped by flying over the heads of the drivers were thus corralled, the holes were plugged up with balls of wet clay, and, when the funnel-shaped tops had been filled to keep the winter rains from running into the holes, the party returned to its wigwams.

The holes into which they had driven the grasshoppers were made in the summer when the ground was dry and hard. The holes were the shape of jugs sunk into the ground a few inches below the surface, the sloping tops thus forming a funnel.

They were dug with a short stick or a piece of iron to the length of the arm—the hole just large enough to admit the arm at the top, but bulged out below like a jug. After the holes were made the proper shape, some of the clay—wet for the purpose—was rubbed over the inside, thus rendering them comparatively smooth and tight. Very few of the hoppers escape these annual round-ups, particularly as they are so big and fat from feeding on the sweet juices of the sun-cured grass that they are very large, clumsy and stupid.

They were left in the jugs until winter, by which time they had turned to a clear yellow oil, not unlike olive oil. This oil was used to mix with the ground acorns and berries, gathered by the squaws and papooses in great quantities every fall. Judging from the depth of the holes made in the hard granite rocks where the grinding of acorns was done, this must have been going on for hundreds of years. There was certainly nothing repulsive in the looks of the oil. My curiosity never led me to go so far as to taste it.

Love Shall Find Its Own

Faint not, O heart that calls for heart
Through all the dreary days.
Lag not, O feet that tread apart
From other wished-for ways.

There ne'er was nook that could immure
Beyond HIS seeking eye;
There ne'er was furrow so obscure
That SHE shall pass it by!

The city's thousands move and shift
'Midst crowded mart and street—
A twain, unconscious, onward drift
Until, behold, they meet!

Faint not, O ye who daily spin,
But weave the woof alone;
For every heart has heart akin,
And love shall find its own.

—Edwin L. Sabin.

À La Mode

DID you ever notice that the only trouble about good stories is that you don't think of them when they're most apropos? There's a reason for which Mr. William James, the psychologist, has duly accounted, and which his brother, Henry James, the novelist, has duly exemplified.

But who can tell why it is that the very best stories are not only not recallable, but are actually not in existence at the time they ought to be. This one, for instance, should have been told ten years ago, when women rode bicycles, but, as a matter of fact, it was only fabricated in 1908, and its author is Herbert L. Bridgeman, of the Peary Arctic Club.

Mr. Bridgeman says that, in those prehistoric times when maiden ladies wore bloomers and rode "bikes," one such so riding and decidedly so costumed was scudding along a country road near Wareham, Massachusetts, for which town, indeed, she was seeking, when she drew up before an astonished farmer.

"My man," said she, "is this the way to Wareham?"

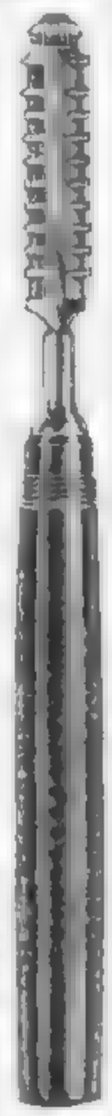
The farmer looked her over very carefully. Then he removed a straw from his mouth and answered:

"I dunno, Miss. But you kin see fer yerself thet's the way *I* wear 'em."

The New Safety Razor that Looks Like a Fountain Pen

This razor is absolutely new—a revolution in safety razors. The most convenient, the most scientific, the most easily cleaned and easily the cleanest shaving safety razor ever made. Weighs two ounces, looks like an expensive fountain pen and carried conveniently in the vest pocket.

The Arnold Fountain Safety Razor



Makes shaving a delight—quicker, easier, more convenient and cleaner. Shaves clean in the "corners" of your face, as the ordinary, square safety cannot. Shaves with the proper, long slant stroke of the easy cutting, old blade razor does not pull like the square, ordinary safety. More quickly opened up and blades more easily renewed than the old-style safety razor. Twelve blades of finest steel, sharpened by a secret process which makes a *perfect* razor edge. Each blade good for ten to fifteen shaves—a set lasts nearly a year. Ten extra blades for 50 cents.

Price $5.00 and satisfaction guaranteed

At Hardware Dealers, Department Men's Furnishers, Department [illegible]. If you can't find it at our agency in your town, we will send it direct to you, postage paid, upon receipt of price and your dealer's name and address.

Send for our free booklet

The Arnold Safety Razor Co., Inc.
401 Court St., Reading, Pa.

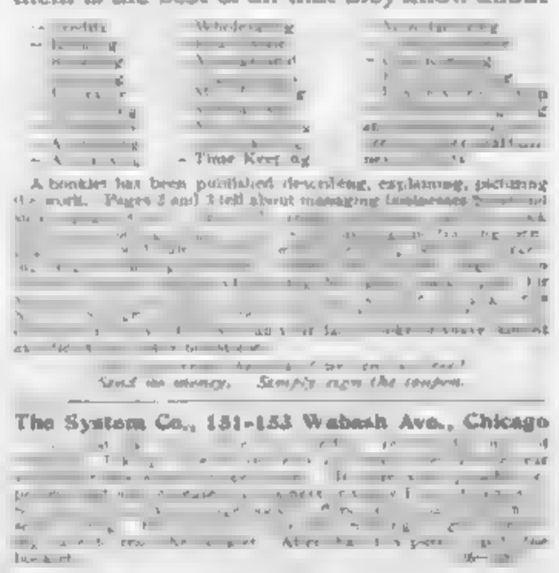
Patents of Value Secured by Patent Experts

Skilful and conscientious services. Pamphlet free.
E. T. & J. F. BRANDENBURG, Washington, D. C.

Will you accept this business book if we send it free?

Sign and mail the coupon below. Send no money! Take no risk!

One hundred and twelve of the world's master business men have written ten books 2193 pages—1497 vital business secrets. In them is the best of all that they know about



A booklet has been published describing, explaining, picturing the work. Pages 3 and 4 tell about managing businesses [illegible]

Send no money. Simply sign the coupon.

The System Co., 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Name

Address

Business

Position

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Coupon-Blotter

A Patented Sales-Plan — universally successful

A Big Proposition

You tell your business story on the Blotter The Coupon fetches the reply in the form of an inquiry or order

Simple, isn't it? but mighty clever

The Coupon-Blotter sells anything that can be sold — p[illegible] ANY POINT

"We have used two sets of Coupon Blotters. We [illegible] and find it only one-half as productive as the Coupon Blotter."

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"In writing with reference to the Blotter, permit me to say, I have [illegible] high quality of [illegible] Coupon Blotter [illegible] accounts. I have never used any agency or product as a method for reaching people individually."

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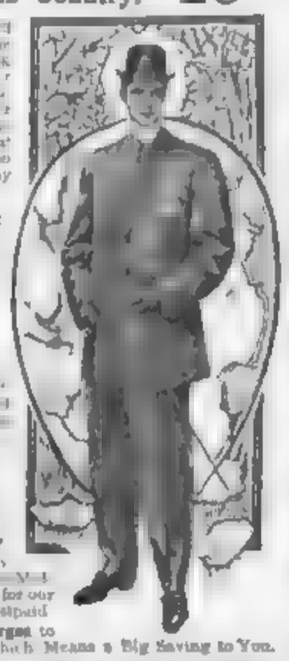

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The Pettyjohn Co., 666 N. 6th St., Terre Haute, Ind.

A SENATOR OF THE SIXTIES

(Continued from Page 9)

I changed the phraseology of the resolution so that it would read as follows:

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote or hold office shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude."

The committee without suggesting a change of the language authorized me to report the Amendment, and the committee also authorized me to report adversely on the numerous other propositions referred to me.

On January 15, 1869, I reported the Amendment to the Senate, and returned all other papers and documents relating to the subject, and asked that they be indefinitely postponed, which motion was granted.

Senator Thayer, of Nebraska, inquired with regard to the report. I asked for its reading. The Secretary read the Amendment as reported as follows

"Art. 15. The right of citizens of the United States to vote and hold office shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. And Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation."

I had much difficulty in getting the resolution taken up for consideration; but finally, on January 23, 1869, I succeeded in bringing the Amendment before the Senate by a vote of 33 to 9.

The discussion was very lengthy and elaborate. Many Senators who were anxious to defeat the Amendment labored to embarrass its consideration. Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, although violently opposed to the Amendment, did not place himself on record in antagonism to the measure, but continually inspired motions for adjournment. Such motions were constantly made by Senators who would not go on record in any manner showing opposition to the Amendment. My method of thwarting these tactics was to put them on the record by calling yeas and nays. This forced them to vote against their own motion to adjourn or lay on the table.

Mr. Sumner would not vote for the Amendment and absented himself on its final passage. His opposition was not because he was opposed to negro suffrage, but because he believed the power existed in Congress to grant suffrage by direct legislation, and he was really opposed to the Amendment because he regarded it as an admission that Congress did not already possess the power.

After days and nights of struggle and debate the resolution passed by more than a two-thirds majority.

The House passed a substitute for the resolution in language entirely different. A Conference Committee was appointed, consisting of William M. Stewart, George F. Edmunds and Roscoe Conkling, managers on the part of the Senate, and George S. Boutwell, John A. Bingham and John A. Logan, managers on the part of the House.

Bingham and Logan were willing to take the Senate Amendment with an amendment striking out the words "to hold office." I was willing to strike out these words, because I thought the right to vote carried with it the right to hold office. But Mr. Edmunds, one of my colleagues, would not consent to the change. Mr. Conkling agreed with me, making the majority of the committee, so that the Amendment as originally prepared by me and reported to the Senate was adopted by the Conference Committee with those words stricken out. I quote from the Congressional Record the report of the committee.

Mr. Stewart submitted the following report:

"The Committee of Conference on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses of the joint resolution (S. R. No. 8) proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, having met, after full and free conference have agreed to recommend, and do recommend, to their respective Houses as follows: That the House recede from their amendments and agree to the resolution of the Senate with an amendment

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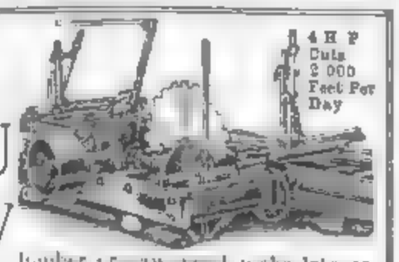

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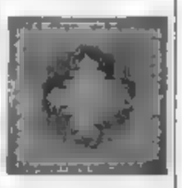

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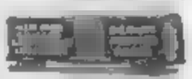

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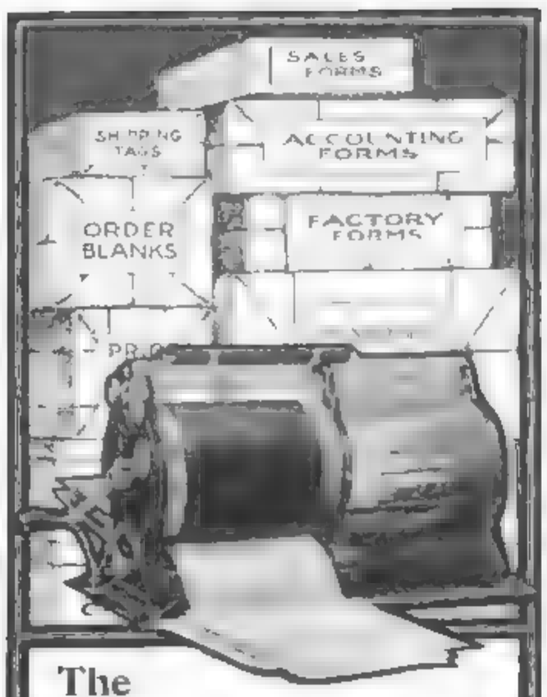

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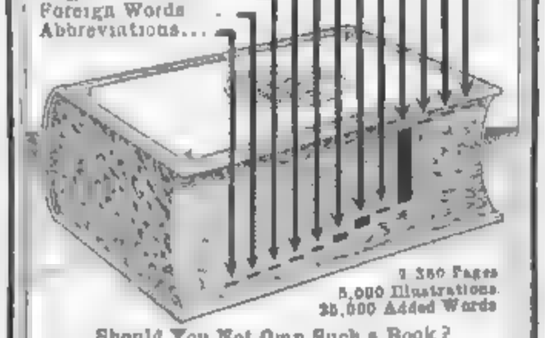

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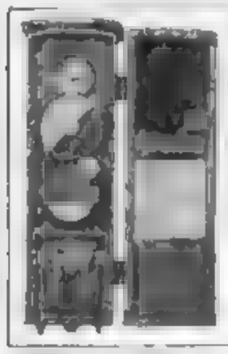

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CAPITAL $100,000.00 BILLINGS, MONT.

as follows: In section 1, line two, strike out the words 'and hold office'; and the Senate agree to the same."

Then followed a discussion lasting until three o'clock in the morning of February 27, 1869. The House of Representatives, having in the mean time agreed to the report of the Committee of Conference, the final vote in the Senate passed the Amendment, 39 –13.

I had previously requested the telegraph office at Carson to keep open that night for an important dispatch. The day fixed for the adjournment of the Legislature of Nevada was such that a letter would not reach the capital in time for action during the session of the Legislature.

To secure the vote of Nevada for the ratification of the Amendment I telegraphed its full text to the Legislature, requiring it to be repeated back to me.

Promptly at nine o'clock I called at General Grant's headquarters in the Winter Building. The General arrived about the same time. I told him of the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment by both Houses of Congress. He said he was glad of it, and asked what he could do to secure its adoption.

"Recommend it in your inaugural address," said I, "and its adoption is certain." He sent for three or four of his generals who were in the building; they came to his room, and he told them that the Fifteenth Amendment had been passed and that he would recommend it in his inaugural.

President Grant, in his inaugural address of March 4, 1869, said:

"The question of suffrage is one which is likely to agitate the public mind so long as a portion of the citizens of the nation is excluded from its privileges in any State. It seems to me very desirable that this question should be settled now, and I entertain the hope and express the desire that it may be by the ratification of the fifteenth article of the Amendment to the Constitution."

It would have been much wiser to have adopted restrictions, excluding the ignorant, vicious and incompetent of all classes by tests, which would limit the voting population to intelligent citizens with some interest in the welfare of the country.

The effect of the Amendment has been, what I supposed it would be, to secure for the negro in the Northern States his right to vote without interruption.

The means of communication between my State and Washington were slow. It generally required about fifty days to write a letter and receive a reply. I was engaged in mining operations, many of which proved disastrous, and I thought it time to retire from politics and return to the practice of law. I declined to become a candidate for reëlection to the Senate, and William Sharon was elected my successor in 1875. I remained out of the Senate two terms.

A Will and a Way

FRANK W. GETTES is president of the National Association of Credit Men, which is an organization so-called because its members are the men who sometimes refuse you credit.

One day last autumn he was attending a session of a branch of his organization near Lexington, Virginia, and when the meeting was over he decided to visit the old Virginia Military Institute where "Stonewall" Jackson was, at the outbreak of the Civil War, a professor of natural philosophy. He did better than he had hoped, for, by the merest chance, he stumbled over an ancient negro who was, as a boy, in the General's service during Stonewall's pedagogic days. The old fellow gave a detailed, if apocryphal, account of the soldier's career, and ended it with, "En' now he's done gone whar we's all gotter go."

"Gone to Heaven, I hope," said Gettes, who has no objection to giving a dead man all the spiritual credit that's lying around loose.

"Well, suh," replied the negro, "I dunno 'bout dat."

"What?" said Gettes. "You don't think he deserved it?"

"Brees yo', suh," grinned the skeptic, "he done deserved it, all right. But yo' see it was des this-a-way: Mars' Jackson he'd a strong will and peculiar tastes, en' whether he's in Hebben 'pends altogether on whether he *wanted* to go dar."

The TRAINED Man WINS

Life is one continual contest of man against man, with Success as the prize—and the *trained* man *WINS*—not because he has more brains, but because he knows *how to use them*.

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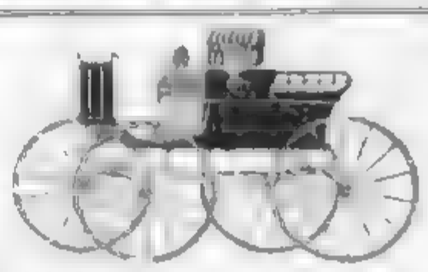

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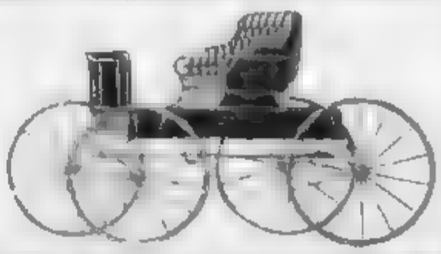

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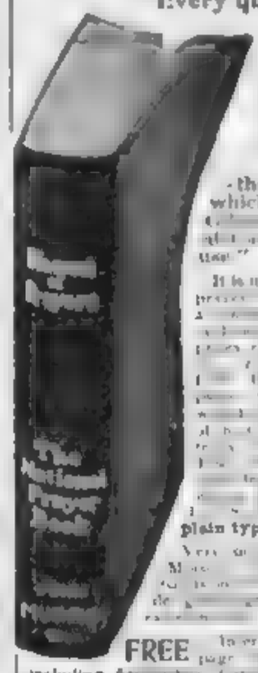

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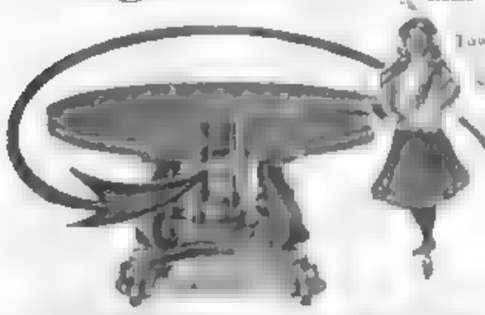

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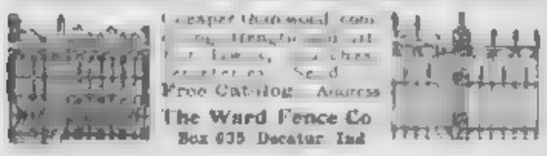

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THE PARTNERS

(Continued from Page 13)

Newmark did not alter his attitude nor his expression, but his face slowly went gray. For a full minute he sat absolutely motionless, his breath coming and going noisily through his contracted nostrils. Then he arose gropingly to his feet, and started toward one of the two doors leading from the room.

"Where are you going?" asked Orde quietly.

Newmark steadied himself with a great effort.

"I'm going to get myself a drink in my bedroom," he snapped. "Have you any objections?"

"No," replied Orde. "None. After you get your drink, come back. I want to talk to you."

Newmark snarled at him. "You needn't be afraid I'll run away. How'd I get out of town?"

"I know it wouldn't pay you to run away," said Orde.

Newmark passed out through the door. Orde looked thoughtfully at Heinzman's affidavit, which, duly disinfected, had been handed him by Doctor McMullen as important, and thrust it and the other papers into his inside pocket. Then he arose to his feet and glided softly across the room to take a position close to the door through which Newmark had departed in quest of his drink. For a half-minute he waited. Finally the door swung briskly inward. Like a panther, as quickly and as noiselessly, Orde sprang forward. A short but decisive struggle ensued. In less than ten seconds Orde had pinioned Newmark's arms to his side, where he held them immovable with one of his own. The other hand he ran down Newmark's right arm to the pocket. There followed an instant of silent resistance. Then with a sharp cry of mingled anger and pain Newmark snatched his hand out and gazed a trifle amazedly at the half-crushed fingers. Orde drew forth the revolver Newmark had grasped concealed in the coat pocket.

Without hesitation he closed and locked the bedroom door, turned the key in the lock of the other; tried and fastened the window. The revolver he opened; spilled out the cartridges into his hand, and then tossed the empty weapon to Newmark, who had sunk into the chair by the lamp.

"There's your plaything," said he. "So you wanted that affidavit, did you? Now we have the place to ourselves, and we'll thresh this matter out."

He paused, collecting his thoughts.

"I don't need to tell you that I've got you about where you live," said he finally. "Nor what I think of you. The case is open and shut, and I can send you over the road for the best part of your natural days. Also I've got these notes and the mortgage."

"Quit it," growled Newmark. "You've got me. Send me up, and be done with it."

"That's the question," went on Orde slowly. "I've been at it three days, without much time off for sleep. You hurt me pretty bad, Joe. I trusted you; and I thought of you as a friend."

Newmark stirred slightly with impatience.

"I had a hard time getting over that part of it, and about three-quarters of what was left in the world looked mighty like ashes for a while. Then I began to see this thing a little clearer. We've been together a good many years now, and as near as I can make out you've been straight as a string with me for eight of them. Then I suppose the chance came and before you knew it you were in over your neck."

He looked, half-pleading, toward Newmark. Newmark made no sign.

"I know that's the way it might be. A man thinks he's mighty brave, and so he is, as long as he can see what's coming, and get ready for it. But some day an emergency just comes up and touches him on the shoulder, and he turns around and sees it all of a sudden. Then he finds he's a coward. It's pretty hard for me to understand dishonesty, or how a man can be dishonest. I've tried, but I can't do it. Crookedness isn't my particular kind of faun. But I do know this: that we every one of us have something to be forgiven for by some one. I guess I've got a temper that makes me pretty sorry sometimes. Probably you don't see how it's possible for a man to get crazy mad about little

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things. That isn't your particular kind of fault."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, drop that preaching. It makes me sick!" broke out Newmark.

Orde smiled whimsically.

"I'm not preaching," he said; "and, even if I were, I've paid a good many thousands of dollars, it seems, to buy the right to say what I please. And if you think I'm working up to a Christian forgiveness racket, you're very much mistaken. I'm not. I don't forgive you; and I surely despise your sort. But I'm explaining to you—no, to myself—just what I've been at for three days."

"Well, turn me over to your sheriff, and let's get through with this," said Newmark sullenly. "I suppose you've got that part of it all fixed."

Orde rose.

"Look here, Newmark, that's just what I've been coming to, just what I've had such a hard time to get hold of. I felt it, but I couldn't put my finger on it. Now I know. I'm not going to hand you over to any sheriff: I'm going to let you off. No," he continued, in response to Newmark's look of incredulous amazement, "it isn't from any fool notion of forgiveness. I told you I didn't forgive you. But I'm not going to burden my future life with you. That's just plain, ordinary selfishness. I suppose I really ought to jug you; but if I do I'll always carry with me the thought that I've taken it on myself to judge a man. And I don't believe any man is competent to judge another. I told you why—or tried to—a minute or so ago. I've lived clean, and I've enjoyed the world as a clean, open-air sort of proposition—like a windy day—and I always hope to. I'd rather drop this whole matter. In a short time I'd forget you; you'd pass out of my life entirely. But if we carry this thing through to a finish I'd always have the thought with me that I'd put you in the pen; that you are there now. I don't like the notion. I'd rather finish this up right here and now, and get it over and done with, and take a fresh start." He paused and wiped his brow, wet with the unusual exertion of this self-analysis. "I think a fellow ought to act always as if he was making the world. He ought to try not to put things in it that are going to make it an unpleasant or an evil world. We don't always do it; but we ought to try. Now, if I were making a world I wouldn't put a man in a penitentiary in it. Of course, there are dangerous criminals." He glanced at Newmark a little anxiously. "I don't believe you're that. You're sharp and dishonest, and need punishment; but you don't need extinction. Anyway, I'm not going to bother my future with you."

Newmark, who had listened to this long and rambling exposition with increasing curiosity and interest, broke into a short laugh.

"You've convicted me," he said. "I'm a most awful failure. I thought I knew you; but this passes all belief."

Orde brushed this speech aside as irrelevant.

"Our association, of course, comes to an end. There remains the terms of settlement. I could fire you out of this without a cent, and you'd have to git. But that wouldn't be fair. I don't give a hang for you; but it wouldn't be fair to me. Now, as for the Northern Peninsula timber, you have had seventy-five thousand out of that and have lent me the same amount. Call that quits. I will take up your note when it comes due, and destroy the one given to Heinzman. For all your holdings in our common business I will give you my note without interest and without time for one hundred thousand dollars. That is not its face value, nor anything like it, but you have caused me directly and indirectly considerable loss. I don't know how soon I can pay this note; but it will be paid."

"All right," agreed Newmark.

"Does that satisfy you?"

"I suppose it's got to."

"Very well. I have the papers here all made out. They need simply to be signed and witnessed. Timbull is the nearest notary."

He unlocked the outside door.

"Come," said he.

In silence the two walked the block and a half to the notary's house. Here they were forced to wait some time while Timbull dressed and called the necessary witnesses. Finally the papers were executed. In the street Newmark paused significantly. But Orde did not take the hint.

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"Are you coming with me?" asked Newmark.

"I am," replied Orde. "There is one thing more."

In silence once more they returned to the shadowy low library filled with its evidences of good taste. Newmark threw himself into the armchair. He was quite recovered, once again the imperturbable, coldly calculating, cynical observer. Orde relocked the door, and turned to face him.

"You have five days to leave town," he said crisply. "Don't ever show up here again. Let me have your address for the payment of this note."

He took two steps forward.

"I've let you off from the pen because I didn't want my life bothered with the thought of you. But you've treated me like a hound. I've been loyal to the firm's interests from the start; and I've done my best by it. You knifed me in the back. You're a dirty, low-lived skunk. If you think you're going to get off scot-free you're mightily mistaken."

He advanced two steps more. Newmark half arose.

"What do you mean?" he asked in some alarm.

"I mean that I'm going to give you about the worst licking you ever heard *tell* of," replied Orde, buttoning his coat.

Five minutes later Orde emerged from Newmark's house, softly rubbing the palm of one hand over the knuckles of the other. At the front gate he paused to look up at the stars. Then he shut it decisively behind him.

Up through the maple-shaded streets he walked at a brisk pace, breathing deep, unconsciously squaring back his shoulders. The incident was behind him. In his characteristic, decisive manner he had wiped the whole disagreeable affair off the slate. The copartnership, with its gains and losses, its struggles and easy sailing, was a thing of the past. Only there remained—as after a flood, the sediment—a final result of it all: the balance between successes and failures, a ground beneath the feet of new aspirations. Orde had the Northern Peninsula timber, the boom company and the carrying trade. They were all burdened with debt, it is true, but the riverman felt surging within him the reawakened and powerful energy for which optimism is another name. He saw stretching before him a long life of endeavor, the sort of endeavor he enjoyed, exulted in; and in it he would be untrammeled and alone. The idea appealed to him. Suddenly he was impatient for the morrow, that he might begin.

He turned out of the side street. His own house lay before him, dark save for the gasjet in the hallway and the single lamp in the library. A harmony of softly-touched chords breathed out through the open window. He stopped; then stole forward softly until he stood looking in through the doorway.

Carroll sat leaning against the golden harp, her shining head with the soft shadows bent until it almost touched the strings. Her hands were straying idly over accustomed chords and rich modulations, the plaintive half-music of revery. A soft light fell on her slender figure, half revealing the oval of her cheek and the sweep of her lashes.

Orde crept to her unheard. Gently he clasped her from behind. Unsurprised, she relinquished the harp strings and sank back against his breast with a happy little sigh.

"Kind of fun being married, isn't it, sweetheart?" he repeated their quaint formula.

"Kind of," she replied; and raised her face to his.

(THE END)

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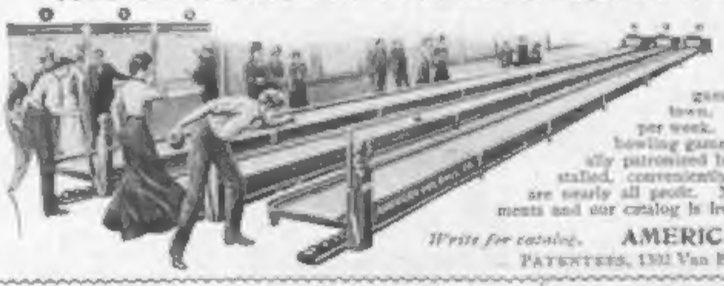

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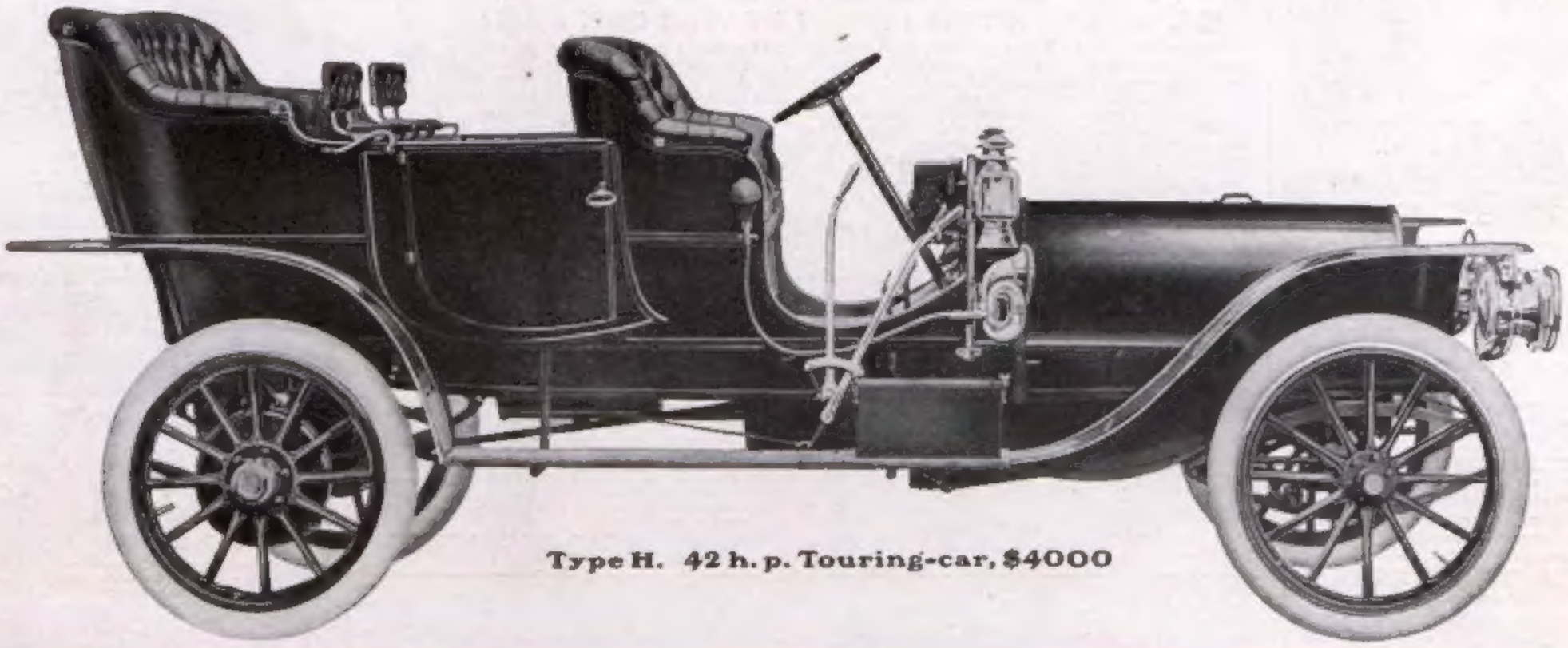

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